



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



EMERSON'S

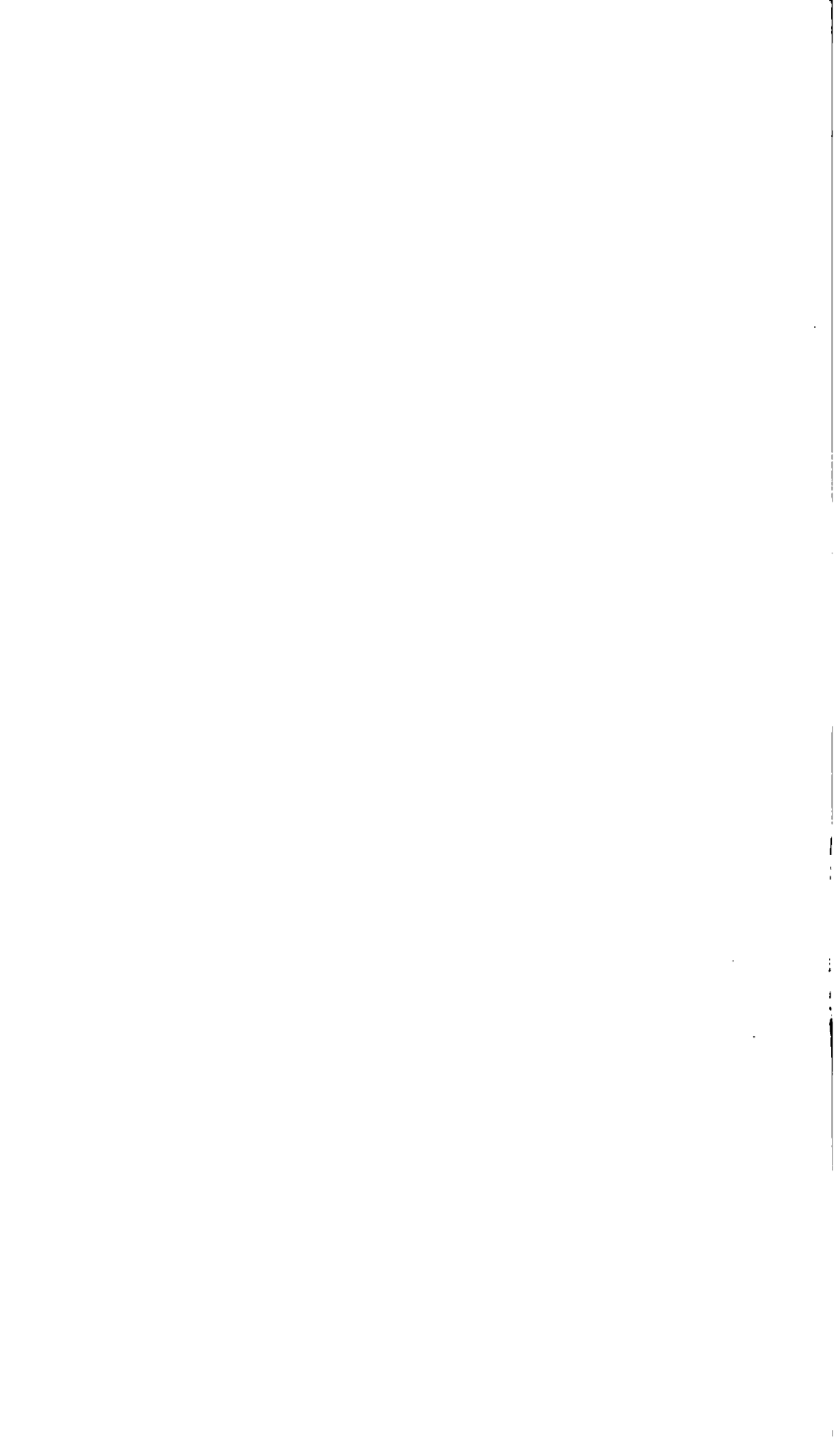
POEMS

47. 881



47. 831





POEMS.

NOTICE.

The Publishers of this work, which is printed from the Author's manuscript, beg to state that it is Copyright, according to the late Copyright, Act 5 & 6 Victoria; and all persons are hereby cautioned against printing or causing to be printed the same. Proceedings in Equity will be instituted against all persons so offending after this notice.

P O E M S.

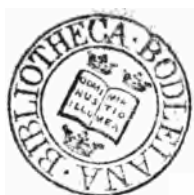
BY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LONDON :

CHAPMAN, BROTHERS, 121, NEWGATE STREET.

M.DCCC.XLVII.



Morton & Chapman, Printers, 2, Crane-court, Fleet-street.

CONTENTS.

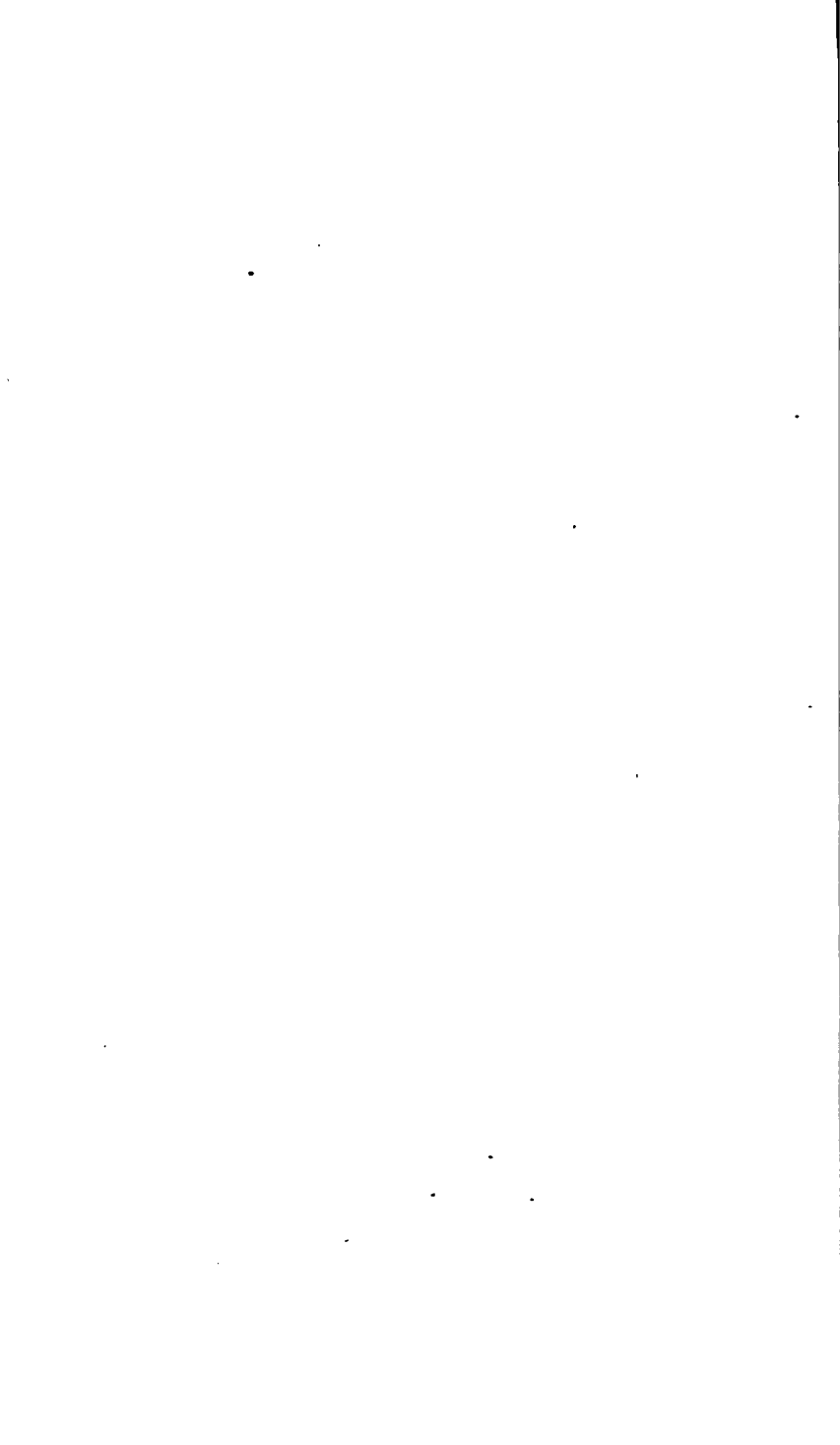
	PAGE
THE SPHYNX	1
EACH AND ALL	7
THE PROBLEM	9
TO RHEA	13
THE VISIT	16
URIEL	18
THE WORLD-SOUL	21
ALPHONSO OF CASTILE	26
MITHRIDATES	30
TO J. W.	32
FATE	33
GUY	35
TACT	37
HAMATREYA	39
GOODBYE	42
THE RHODORA	44
THE HUMBLE BEE	45
BERRYING	48

	PAGE
THE SNOW-STORM	49
WOOD NOTES : PART I.	50
PART II.	57
MONADNOC	73
FABLE	91
ODE, INCRIBED TO W. H. CHANNING	92
ASTRÆA	96
ETIENNE DE LA BOECE	99
"SUUM CUIQUE"	100
COMPENSATION	101
FORBEARANCE	102
THE PARK	103
THE FORERUNNERS	104
"SURSUM CORDA"	106
ODE TO BEAUTY	107
GIVE ALL TO LOVE	111
TO ELLEN	114
TO EVA	116
THINE EYES STILL SHINED	117
THE AMULET	117
EROS	118
HERMIONE	119
ODE : INITIAL LOVE	123
THE DÆMONIC, AND THE CELESTIAL LOVE	130
THE APOLOGY	142
MERLIN : PART I.	143
PART II.	147
BACCHUS	149

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
LOSS AND GAIN	153
MEROPS	154
THE HOUSE	155
SAADI	156
HOLIDAYS	164
PAINTING AND SCULPTURE	165
FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ	166
FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ	173
XENOPHANES	175
THE DAY'S RATION	176
BLIGHT	178
MUSKETAQUID	181
DIRGE	185
THRENODY	188
CONCORD MONUMENT	200



POEMS.

THE SPHYNX.

THE Sphynx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled,
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.—
' Who'll tell me my secret
The ages have kept ?
—I awaited the seer,
While they slumbered and slept ;—

The fate of the manchild,
The meaning of man ;
Known fruit of the unknown,
Dædalian plan ;
Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep,
Life death overtaking,
Deep underneath deep.

Erect as a sunbeam
Upspringeth the palm ;
The elephant browses
Undaunted and calm ;
In beautiful motion
The thrush plies his wings ;
Kind leaves of his covert !
Your silence he sings.

The waves unashamed
In difference sweet,
Play glad with the breezes,
Old playfellows meet.
The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes,
Firmly draw, firmly drive,
By their animate poles.

Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred,
Each the other adorning,
Accompany still ;
Night veileth the morning,
The vapour the hill.

The babe by its mother
Lies bathed in joy,
Glide its hours uncounted,
The sun is its toy ;
Shines the peace of all being
Without cloud in its eyes,
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies.

But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals,
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals ;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground.

Out spoke the great mother
Beholding his fear,
At the sound of her accents
Cold shuddered the sphere ;—
Who has drugged my boy's cup,
Who has mixed my boy's bread ?
Who with sadness and madness
Has turned the manchild's head ?—

I heard a poet answer
Aloud and cheerfully,
'Say on, sweet Sphynx ! thy dirges
Are pleasant songs to me.
Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time,
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime.

The fiend that man harries,
Is love of the Best ;
Yawns the Pit of the Dragon
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of Nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the Perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive ;
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive.
The heavens that draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.

Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores,
And the joy that is sweetest
Lurks in stings of remorse.
Have I a lover
Who is noble and free,—
I would he were nobler
Than to love me.

Eterne alternation
Now follows, now flies,
And under pain, pleasure,—
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre,
Heart-heaving away ;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

Dull Sphynx, Jove keep thy five wits !
Thy sight is growing blar,
Rue, myrrh, and cummin for the Sphynx,
Her muddy eyes to clear.'
The old Sphynx bit her thick lip,—
' Who taught thee me to name ?
I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow !
Of thine eye I am eyebeam.

Thou art the unanswered question ;
Couldst see thy proper eye,
Alway it asketh, asketh,
And each answer is a lie.
So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply,
Ask on, thou clothed eternity,—
Time is the false reply.'

Uprose the merry Sphynx,
And crouched no more in stone,
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon,
She spired into a yellow flame,
She flowered in blossoms red,
She flowed into a foaming wave,
She stood Monadnoc's head.

Thorough a thousand voices
Spoke the universal dame,
' Who telleth one of my meanings,
Is master of all I am.'

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee, from the hill-top looking down ;
And the heifer, that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;
The sexton tolling the bell at noon,
Dreams not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lifts with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent :
All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;
I brought him home in his nest at even ;—
He sings the song, but it pleases not now ;

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure ?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought ;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle ;
Out from the heart of nature rolled,
The burdens of the Bible old ;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,
The canticles of love and woe.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity,
Himself from God he could not free ;
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves and feathers from her breast ;
Or how the fish outbuilt its shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell ;
Or how the sacred pinetree adds
To her old leaves new myriads ?

Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone ;
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids ;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky
As on its friends with kindred eye ;
For out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air,
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass,
Art might obey but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned,
And the same power that reared the shrine,
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Even the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the Countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting quires,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;
The word by seers or sibyls told
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the Fathers wise,
The Book itself before me lies,
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden-lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines,
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowed portrait dear,
And yet for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

TO RHEA.

THEE, dear friend, a brother soothes,
Not with flatteries, but truths,
Which tarnish not, but purify
To light which dims the morning's eye.
I have come from the spring-woods,
From the fragrant solitudes ;
Listen what the poplar tree,
And murmuring waters counselled me.

If with love thy heart has burned,
If thy love is unreturned,
Hide thy grief within thy breast,
Though it tear thee unexpressed.
For, when love has once departed
From the eyes of the false-hearted,
And one by one has torn off quite
The bandages of purple light,

Though thou wert the loveliest
Form the Soul had ever drest,
Thou shalt seem in each reply
A vixen to his altered eye ;
Thy softest pleadings seem too bold,
Thy praying lute shall seem to scold.
Though thou kept the straightest road,
Yet thou erreſt far and broad.

But thou shalt do as do the gods
In their cloudless periods :
For of this lore be thou sure,
Though thou forget, the gods secure
Forget never their command,
But make the statute of this land :
As they lead, so follow all,
Ever have done, ever shall.
Warning to the blind and deaf,
'Tis written on the iron leaf,
Who drinks of Cupid's nectar cup
Loveth downward and not up ;
Therefore who loves, of gods or men,
Shall not by the same be loved again ;
His sweetheart's idolatry
Falls in turn a new degree.

When a god is once beguiled
By beauty of a mortal child,
And by her radiant youth delighted,
He is not fooled, but warily knoweth,
His love shall never be requited ;
And thus the wise Immortal doeth.
'Tis his study and delight
To bless that creature, day and night,
From all evils to defend her,
In her lap to pour all splendour,
To ransack earth for riches rare,
And fetch her stars to deck her hair ;
He mixes music with her thoughts,
And saddens her with heavenly doubts ;
All grace, all good his great heart knows,
Profuse in love the king bestows,
Saying, Hearken, Earth ! Sea ! Air !
This monument of my despair
Build I to the All-Good, All-Fair.
Not for a private good,
But I from my beatitude,
Albeit scorned as none was scorned,
Adorn her as was none adorned.
I make this maiden an ensample
To nature through her kingdoms ample,
Whereby to model newer races,

THE VISIT.

Statelier forms, and fairer faces,
To carry man to new degrees
Of power, and of comeliness.
These presents be the hostages
Which I pawn for my release ;
See to thyself, O universe !
Thou art better and not worse.—
And the god having given all,
Is freed for ever from his thrall.

THE VISIT.

ASKEST, 'How long thou shalt stay ?'
Devastator of the day !
Know, each substance and relation
Thorough nature's operation,
Hath its unit, bound, and metre,
And every new compound
Is some product and repeater,
Product of the early found.

But the unit of the visit,
The encounter of the wise,
Say what other metre is it
Than the meeting of the eyes ?
Nature poureth into nature
Through the channels of that feature.
Riding on the ray of Sight,
More fleet than waves or whirlwinds go,
Or for service or delight,
Hearts to hearts their meaning show,
Sum their long experience,
And import intelligence.
Single look has drained the breast,
Single moment years confessed.
The duration of a glance
Is the term of conenance,
And, though thy rede be church or state,
Frugal multiples of that.
Speeding Saturn cannot halt ;
Linger,—thou shalt rue the fault,
If Love his moment overstay,
Hatred's swift repulsions play.

URIEL.

It fell in the ancient periods
Which the brooding soul surveys,
Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days.

This was the lapse of Uriel,
Which in Paradise befel.
Once among the Pleiads walking,
SAID overheard the young gods talking,
And the treason too long pent
To his ears was evident.
The young deities discussed
Laws of form and metre just,
Orb, quintessence, and sunbeams,
What subsisteth, and what seems.
One, with low tones that decide,
And doubt and reverend use defied,

With a look that solved the sphere,
And stirred the devils everywhere,
Gave his sentiment divine
Against the being of a line :
'Line in nature is not found,
Unit and universe are round ;
In vain produced, all rays return,
Evil will bless, and ice will burn,'
As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,
A shudder ran around the sky ;
The stern old war-gods shook their heads,
The seraphs frowned from myrtle-beds ;
Seemed to the holy festival,
The rash word boded ill to all ;
The balance-beam of Fate was bent ;
The bonds of good and ill were rent ;
Strong Hades could not keep his own.
But all slid to confusion.

A sad self-knowledge withering fell
On the beauty of Uriel.
In heaven once eminent, the god
Withdrew that hour into his cloud,
Whether doomed to long gyration
In the sea of generation,

Or by knowledge grown too bright
To hit the nerve of feebler sight.

Straightway a forgetting wind
Stole over the celestial kind,
And their lips the secret kept,
If in ashes the fire-seed slept.
But now and then truth-speaking things
Shamed the angels' veiling wings,
And, shrilling from the solar course,
Or from fruit of chemic force,
Procession of a soul in matter,
Or the speeding change of water,
Or out of the good of evil born,
Came Uriel's voice of cherub scorn;
And a blush tinged the upper sky,
And the gods shook, they knew not why.

THE WORLD-SOUL.

THANKS to the morning light,
Thanks to the seething sea,
To the uplands of New Hampshire,
To the green-haired forest free ;
Thanks to each man of courage,
To the maids of holy mind,
To the boy with his games undaunted,
Who never looks behind.
Cities of proud hotels,
Houses of rich and great,
Vice nestles in your chambers,
Beneath your roofs of slate.
It cannot conquer folly,
Time-and-space-conquering steam,—
And the light-outspeeding telegraph
Bears nothing on its beam.

The politics are base,
The letters do not cheer,
And 'tis far in the deeps of history—
The voice that speaketh clear.
Trade and the streets ensnare us,
Our bodies are weak and worn,
We plot and corrupt each other,
And we despoil the unborn.

Yet there in the parlour sits
Some figure of noble guise,
Our angel in a stranger's form,
Or woman's pleading eyes ;
Or only a flashing sunbeam
In at the window pane ;
Or music pours on mortals
Its beautiful disdain.

The inevitable morning
Finds them who in cellars be,
And be sure the all-loving Nature
Will smile in a factory.
Yon ridge of purple landscape,
Yon sky between the walls,
Hold all the hidden wonders
In scanty intervals.

Alas, the sprite that haunts us
Deceives our rash desire,
It whispers of the glorious gods,
And leaves us in the mire :
We cannot learn the cipher
That's writ upon our cell,
Stars help us by a mystery
Which we could never spell.

If but one hero knew it;
The world would blush in flame,
The sage, till he hit the secret,
Would hang his head for shame.
But our brothers have not read it,
Not one has found the key,
And henceforth we are comforted,
We are but such as they.

Still, still the secret presses,
The nearing clouds draw down,
The crimson morning flames into
The fopperies of the town.
Within, without the idle earth
Stars weave eternal rings,
The sun himself shines heartily,
And shares the joy he brings.

And what if trade sow cities
Like shells along the shore,
And thatch with towns the prairie broad
With railways ironed o'er ;—
They are but sailing foambells
Along Thought's causing stream,
And take their shape and Sun-colour
From him that sends the dream.

For destiny does not like
To yield to men the helm,
And shoots his thought by hidden nerves
Throughout the solid realm.
The patient Dæmon sits
With roses and a shroud,
He has his way, and deals his gifts—
But ours is not allowed.

He is no churl or trifier,
And his viceroy is none,
Love-without-weakness,
Of genius sire and son ;
And his will is not thwarted,—
The seeds of land and sea
Are the atoms of his body bright,
And his behest obey.

He serveth the servant,
The brave he loves amain,
He kills the cripple and the sick,
And straight begins again ;
For gods delight in gods,
And thrust the weak aside ;
To him who scorns their charities,
Their arms fly open wide.

When the old world is sterile,
And the ages are effete,
He will from wrecks and sediment
The fairer world complete.
He forbids to despair,
His cheeks mantle with mirth,
And the unimagined good of men
Is yearning at the birth.

Spring still makes spring in the mind,
When sixty years are told ;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers,
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snowdrift
The warm rose buds below.

ALPHONSO OF CASTILE.

I ALPHONSO live and learn,
Seeing nature go astern.
Things deteriorate in kind,
Lemons run to leaves and rind,
Meagre crop of figs and limes,
Shorter days and harder times.
Flowering April cools and dies
In the insufficient skies ;
Imps at high Midsummer blot
Half the sun's disc with a spot ;
'Twill not now avail to tan
Orange cheek, or skin of man :
Roses bleach, the goats are dry,
Lisbon quakes, the people cry.
Yon pale scrawny fisher fools,
Gaunt as bitterns in the pools,
Are no brothers of my blood,—
They discredit Adamhood.

Eyes of gods ! ye must have seen,
O'er your ramparts as ye lean,
The general debility,
Of genius the sterility,
Mighty projects countermanded,
Rash ambition broken-handed,
Puny man and scentless rose
Tormenting Pan to double the dose.
Rebuild or ruin : either fill
Of vital force the wasted rill,
Or, tumble all again in heap
To weltering chaos, and to sleep.

Say, Seigneurs, are the old Niles dry,
Which fed the veins of earth and sky,
That mortals miss the loyal heats
Which drove them erst to social feats,
Now to a savage selfness grown,
Think nature barely serves for one ;
With science poorly mask their hurt,
And vex the gods with question pert,
Immensely curious whether you
Still are rulers, or Mildew.

Masters, I'm in pain with you ;
Masters, I'll be plain with you.

In my palace of Castile,
I, a king, for kings can feel ;
There my thoughts the matter roll,
And solve and oft resolve the whole,
And, for I'm styled Alphonse the Wise,
Ye shall not fail for sound advice,
Before ye want a drop of rain,
Hear the sentiment of Spain.

You have tried famine : no more try it ;
Ply us now with a full diet ;
Teach your pupils now with plenty,
For one sun supply us twenty :
I have thought it thoroughly over,
State of hermit, state of lover ;
We must have society,
We cannot spare variety.
Hear you, then, celestial fellows !
Fits not to be over zealous ;
Steads not to work on the clean jump,
Nor wine nor brains perpetual pump ;
Men and gods are too extense,—
Could you slacken and condense ?
Your rank overgrowths reduce,
Till your kinds abound with juice ;

Earth crowded cries, 'Too many men,'—
My counsel is, Kill nine in ten,
And bestow the shares of all
On the remnant decimal.
Add their nine lives to this cat ;
Stuff their nine brains in his hat ;
Make his frame and forces square
With the labours he must dare ;
Thatch his flesh, and even his years
With the marble which he rears ;
There growing slowly old at ease,
No faster than his planted trees,
He may, by warrant of his age,
In schemes of broader scope engage :
So shall ye have a man of the sphere,
Fit to grace the solar year.

MITHRIDATES.

I CANNOT spare water or wine,
Tobacco-leaf, or poppy, or rose ;
From the earth-poles to the Line,
All between that works or grows,
Every thing is kin of mine.

Give me agates for my meat,
Give me cantharids to eat,
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes.

From all natures, sharp and slimy,
Salt and basalt, wild and tame,
Tree, and lichen, ape, sea-lion,
Bird and reptile be my game.

Ivy for my fillet band,
Blinding dogwood in my hand,

Hemlock for my sherbet cull me,
And the prussic juice to lull me,
Swing me in the upas boughs,
Vampire-fanned, when I carouse.

Too long shut in strait and few,
Thinly dieted on dew,
I will use the world, and sift it,
To a thousand humours shift it,
As you spin a cherry.
O doleful ghosts, and goblins merry,
O all you virtues, methods, mights ;
Means, appliances, delights ;
Reputed wrongs, and braggart rights ;
Smug routine, and things allowed ;
Minorities, things under cloud !
Hither ! take me, use me, fill me,
Vein and artery, though ye kill me ;
God ! I will not be an owl,
But sun me in the Capitol.

TO J. W.

SET not thy foot on graves ;
Hear what wine and roses say ;
The mountain chase, the summer waves,
The crowded town, thy feet may well delay.

Set not thy foot on graves ;
Nor seek to unwind the shroud
Which charitable time
And nature have allowed
To wrap the errors of a sage sublime.

Set not thy foot on graves ;
Care not to strip the dead
Of his sad ornament ;
His myrrh, and wine, and rings,
His sheet of lead,
And trophies buried ;
Go get them where he earned them when alive,
As resolutely dig or dive.

Life is too short to waste
The critic bite or cynic bark,
Quarrel, or reprimand ;
'Twill soon be dark ;
Up ! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark.

F A T E.

THAT you are fair or wise is vain,
Or strong, or rich, or generous ;
You must have also the untaught strain
That sheds beauty on the rose.
There is a melody born of melody,
Which melts the world into a sea.
Toil could never compass it,
Art its height could never hit,
It came never out of wit,
But a music music-born
Well may Jove and Juno scorn.
Thy beauty, if it lack the fire
Which drives me mad with sweet desire,

What boots it ? what the soldiers mail,
Unless he conquer and prevail ?
What all the goods thy pride which lift,
If thou pine for another's gift ?
Alas ! that one is born in blight,
Victim of perpetual slight ;—
When thou lookest in his face,
Thy heart saith, Brother ! go thy ways !
None shall ask thee what thou doest,
Or care a rush for what thou knowest,
Or listen when thou repliest,
Or remember where thou liest,
Or how thy supper is sodden,—
And another is born
To make the sun forgotten.
Surely he carries a talisman
Under his tongue ;
Broad are his shoulders, and strong,
And his eye is scornful,
Threatening, and young.
I hold it of little matter,
Whether your jewel be of pure water,
A rose diamond or a white,—
But whether it dazzle me with light.
I care not how you are drest,
In the coarsest, or in the best,

Nor whether your name is base or brave,
Nor for the fashion of your behaviour,—
But whether you charm me,
Bid my bread feed, and my fire warm me,
And dress up nature in your favour.
One thing is for ever good,
That one thing is success,—
Dear to the Eumenides,
And to all the heavenly brood.
Who bides at home, nor looks abroad,
Carries the eagles, and masters the sword.

G U Y.

MORTAL mixed of middle clay,
Attempered to the night and day,
Interchangeable with things,
Needs no amulets nor rings.

Guy possessed the talisman
That all things from him began,
And as, of old, Polycrates
Chained the sunshine and the breeze,

So did Guy betimes discover
Fortune was his guard and lover ;
In strange junctures, felt with awe
His own symmetry with law,
That no mixture could withstand
The virtue of his lucky hand.
He gold or jewel could not lose,
Nor not receive his ample dues ;
In the street, if he turned round,
His eye the eye 'twas seeking found.
It seemed his Genius discreet
Worked on the Maker's own receipt,
And made each tide and element
Stewards of stipend and of rent ;
So that the common waters fell
As costly wine into his well.
He had so sped his wise affairs
That he caught nature in his snares ;
Early or late, the falling rain
Arrived in time to swell his grain ;
Stream could not so perversely wind,
But corn of Guy's was there to grind ;
The whirlwind found it on its way
To speed his sails, to dry his hay ;
And the world's sun seemed to rise
To drudge all day for Guy the wise.

In his rich nurseries, timely skill
Strong crab with nobler blood did fill ;
The Zephyr in his garden rolled
From plum trees vegetable gold ;
And all the hours of the year
With their own harvest hovered were :
There was no frost but welcome came,
Nor freshet, nor midsummer flame ;
Belonged to wind and world the toil
And venture, and to Guy the oil.

T A C T.

WHAT boots it, thy virtue,
What profit thy parts,
While one thing thou lackest,
The art of all arts !
The only credentials,
Passport to success,
Opens castle and parlour,—
Address, man, Address.

The maiden in danger
Was saved by the swain,
His stout arm restored her
To Broadway again :

The maid would reward him,—
Gay company come,—
They laugh, she laughs with them,
He is moonstruck and dumb.

This clenches the bargain,
Sails out of the bay,
Gets the vote in the Senate,
Spite of Webster and Clay ;

Has for genius no mercy,
For speeches no heed,—
It lurks in the eyebeam,
It leaps to its deed.

Church, tavern, and market,
Bed and board it will sway ;
It has no to-morrow,
It ends with to-day.

HAMATREYA.

MINOTT, Lee, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint,
Possessed the land, which rendered to their toil
Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool, and wood.
Each of these landlords walked amidst his farm,
Saying ‘ ’Tis mine, my children’s, and my name’s.
‘ How sweet the west wind sounds in my own trees ;
‘ How graceful climb those shadows on my hill ;
‘ I fancy those pure waters and the flags
‘ Know me as does my dog : we sympathize,
‘ And, I affirm, my actions smack of the soil.’
Where are those men ? Asleep beneath their grounds,
And strangers, fond as they, their furrows plough.
Earth laughs in flowers to see her boastful boys
Earth proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs ;
Who steer the plough, but cannot steer their feet
Clear of the grave.—
They added ridge to valley, brook to pond,
And sighed for all that bounded their domain,

‘ This suits me for a pasture ; that’s my park,
‘ We must have clay, lime, gravel, granite-ledge,
‘ And misty lowland where to go for peat.
‘ The land is well,—lies fairly to the south.
‘ ’Tis good, when you have crossed the sea and back,
‘ To find the sitfast acres where you left them.’
Ah ! the hot owner sees not Death, who adds
Him to his land, a lump of mould the more.
Hear what the Earth says :

EARTH-SONG.

MINE and yours,
Mine not yours.
Earth endures,
Stars abide,
Shine down in the old sea,
Old are the shores,
But where are old men ?
I who have seen much,
Such have I never seen.
The lawyer’s deed
Ran sure
In tail
To them and to their heirs
Who shall succeed

Without fail
For evermore.

Here is the land,
Shaggy with wood,
With its old valley,
Mound, and flood.—
But the heritors—
Fled like the flood's foam ;
The lawyer, and the laws,
And the kingdom,
Clean swept herefrom.

They called me theirs,
Who so controlled me ;
Yet every one
Wished to stay, and is gone.
How am I theirs,
If they cannot hold me,
But I hold them ?

When I heard the Earth-song,
I was no longer brave ;
My avarice cooled
Like lust in the chill of the grave.

GOOD BYE.

Good bye, proud world, I'm going home,
Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine ;
Long through thy weary crowds I roam ;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good bye to Flattery's fawning face,
To Grandeur, with his wise grimace,
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,
To supple Office low and high,
To crowded halls, to court, and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,
Good bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone
Besomed in yon green hills, alone,
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned ;
Where arches green the live long day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome ;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan ;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet.

THE RHODORA,

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black water with their beauty gay ;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that, if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being ;
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !
I never thought to ask ; I never knew ;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same power that brought me there, brought you.

THE HUMBLE BEE.

BURLY dozing humble bee !
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone !
Zig-zag steerer, desert-cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines,
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion !
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,

Wait I prithee, till I come
Within ear shot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silters the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a colour of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace,
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tune,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean,
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adders-tongue,
And briar-roses dwelt among ;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher !
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep,—
Wo and want thou canst out-sleep,—
Want and wo which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

BERRYING.

'MAY be true what I had heard,
Earth's a howling wilderness
Truculent with fraud and force,'
Said I, strolling through the pastures,
And along the river-side.
Caught among the blackberry vines,
Feeding on the Ethiops sweet,
Pleasant fancies overtook me :
I said, 'What influence me preferred
Elect to dreams thus beautiful ?'
The vines replied, 'And didst thou deem
No wisdom to our berries went ?'

THE SNOW STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight : the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths ;

A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn ;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

WOOD NOTES.

I.

FOR this present, hard
Is the fortune of the bard
Born out of time ;
All his accomplishment
From nature's utmost treasure spent
Booteth not him.

When the pine tosses its cones
To the song of its waterfall tones,
He speeds to the woodland walks,
To birds and trees he talks.
Cæsar of his leafy Rome,
There the poet is at home.
He goes to the river side,—
Not hook nor line hath he :
He stands in the meadows wide,—
Nor gun nor scythe to see ;
With none has he to do,
And none seek him,
Nor men below,
Nor spirits dim.
Sure some god his eye enchants,
What he knows, nobody wants.
In the wood he travels glad
Without better fortune had,
Melancholy without bad.
Planter of celestial plants,
What he knows, nobody wants,—
What he knows, he hides, not vaunts.
Knowledge this man prizes best
Seems fantastic to the rest,
Pondering shadows, colours, clouds,
Grass buds, and caterpillars' shrouds,

Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
Tints that spot the violet's petal,
Why nature loves the number five,
And why the star-form she repeats,
Lover of all things alive,
Wonderer at all he meets,
Wonderer chiefly at himself,—
Who can tell him what he is,
Or how meet in human elf
Coming and past eternities?

2.

And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart ;
It seemed that nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,

As if a sun-beam showed the place,
And tell its long-descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,
As if by secret sight he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew.
There are many events in the field
Which are not shown to common eyes,
But all her shows did nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,
He found the tawny thrush's broods,
And the shy hawk did wait for him.
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.

3.

In unploughed maine, he sought the lumberer's gang,
Where from a hundred lakes young rivers sprang ;
He trod the unplanted forest-floor, whereon
The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone,
Where feeds the mouse, and walks the surly bear,
And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker.
He saw, beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds,

The slight *Linnæa* hang its twin-born heads,
And blessed the monument of the man of flowers,
Which breathes his sweet fame through the Northern bowers.
He heard when in the grove, at intervals,
With sudden roar the aged pine-tree falls,—
One crash the death-hymn of the perfect tree,
Declares the close of its green century.
Low lies the plant to whose creation went
Sweet influence from every element ;
Whose living towers the years conspired to build,
Whose giddy top the morning loved to guild.
Through these green tents, by eldest nature drest,
He roamed, content alike with man and beast.
Where darkness found him, he lay glad at night ;
There the red morning touched him with its light.
Three moons his great heart him a hermit made,
So long he roved at will the boundless shade.
The timid it concerns to ask their way,
And fear what foe in caves and swamps can stray,
To make no step until the event is known,
And ills to come as evils past bemoan :
Not so the wise ; no coward watch he keeps,
To spy what danger on his pathway creeps ;
Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth ;—his hall the azure dome ;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

4.

'Twas one of the charmed days
When the genius of God doth flow,
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow :
It may blow north, it still is warm ;
Or south, it still is clear ;
Or east, it smells like a clover farm ;
Or west, no thunder fear.
The musing peasant lowly great
Beside the forest water sate :
'The rope-like pine-roots crosswise grown
Composed the network of his throne ;
'The wide lake edged with sand and grass
Was burnished to a floor of glass,
Painted with shadows green and proud
Of the tree and of the cloud.
He was the heart of all the scene,
On him the sun looked more serene,
To hill and cloud his face was known,
It seemed the likeness of their own.
They knew by secret sympathy
The public child of earth and sky.
You ask, he said, what guide,
Me through trackless thickets led,
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and wide ?

I found the waters' bed :
I travelled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry ;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern, the beavers' camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed.
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was pole-star when the night was dark ;
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food.
For nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die ;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover.

WOOD NOTES.

II.

*As sunbeams stream through liberal space,
And nothing jostle or displace,
So waved the pine-tree through my thought,
And fanned the dreams it never brought.*

‘Whether is better the gift or the donor ?

Come to me,’

Quoth the pine-tree,

‘I am the giver of honour.

My garden is the cloven rock,

And my manure the snow,

And drifting sand heaps feed my stock,

In summer’s scorching glow.

Ancient or curious,

Who knoweth aught of us ?

Old as Jove,

Old as Love,

Who of me
Tells the pedigree ?
Only the mountains old,
Only the waters cold,
Only moon and star
My coevals are.
Ere the first fowl sung
My relenting boughs among,
Ere Adam wived,
Ere Adam lived,
Ere the duck dived,
Ere the bees hived,
Ere the lion roared,
Ere the eagle soared,
Light and heat, land and sea
Spake unto the oldest tree.
Glad in the sweet and secret aid
Which matter unto matter paid,
The water flowed, the breezes fanned,
The tree confined the roving sand,
The sunbeam gave me to the sight,
The tree adorned the formless light,
And once again
O'er the grave of men
We shall talk to each other again
Of the old age behind,

Of the time out of mind,
Which shall come again.'

'Whether is better the gift or the donor?
Come to me,'

Quoth the pine-tree,

'I am the giver of honour.

He is great who can live by me ;

The rough and bearded forester

Is better than the lord ;

God fills the scrip and canister,

Sin piles the loaded board.

The lord is the peasant that was,

The peasant the lord that shall be,

The lord is hay, the peasant grass,

One dry and one the living tree.

Genius with my boughs shall flourish,

Want and cold our roots shall nourish ;

Who liveth by the ragged pine,

Foundeth a heroic line ;

Who liveth in the palace hall,

Waneth fast and spendeth all :

He goes to my savage haunts,

With his chariot and his care,

My twilight realm he disenchants,

And finds his prison there.

What prizes the town and the tower?
Only what the pine-tree yields,
Sinew that subdued the fields,
The wild-eyed boy who in the woods
Chaunts his hymn to hill and floods,
Whom the city's poisoning spleen
Made not pale, or fat, or lean,
Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,
Whom the dawn and the day-star urgeth,
In whose cheek the rose leaf blusheth,
In whose feet the lion rusheth,
Iron arms and iron mould,
That know not fear, fatigue, or cold.
I give my rafters to his boat,
My billets to his boiler's throat,
And I will swim the ancient sea
To float my child to victory,
And grant to dwellers with the pine,
Dominion o'er the palm and vine.
Westward I ope the forest gates,
The train along the rail-road skates,
It leaves the land behind, like ages past,
The foreland flows to it in river fast,
Missouri I have made a mart,
I teach Iowa Saxon art.
Who leaves the pine-tree, leaves his friend,

Unnerves his strength, invites his end.
Cut a bough from my parent stem,
And dip it in thy porcelain vase ;
A little while each russet gem
Will swell and rise with wonted grace,
But when it seeks enlarged supplies,
The orphan of the forest dies.

Whoso walketh in solitude,
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird,
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass
From these companions power and grace ;
Clean shall he be without, within,
From the old adhering sin ;
Love shall he, but not adulate,
The all-fair, the all-embracing Fate,
All ill dissolving in the light
Of his triumphant piercing sight.
Not vain, sour, nor frivolous,
Not mad, athirst, nor garrulous,
Grave, chaste, contented, though retired,
And of all other men desired.
On him the light of star and moon
Shall fall with purer radiance down ;

All constellations of the sky
Shed their virtue through his eye.
Him nature giveth for defence
His formidable innocence,
The mountain sap, the shells, the sea,
All spheres, all stones, his helpers be ;
He shall never be old,
Nor his fate shall be foretold ;
He shall see the speeding year,
Without wailing, without fear ;
He shall be happy in his love,
Like to like shall joyful prove.
He shall be happy whilst he woos
Muse-born a daughter of the Muse ;
But if with gold she bind her hair,
And deck her breast with diamond,
Take off thine eyes, thy heart forbear,
Though thou lie alone on the ground :
The robe of silk in which she shines,
It was woven of many sins,
And the shreds
Which she sheds
In the wearing of the same,
Shall be grief on grief,
And shame on shame.

Heed the old oracles,
Ponder my spells,
Song wakes in my pinnacles,
When the wind swells.
Soundeth the prophetic wind,
The shadows shake on the rock behind,
And the countless leaves of the pine are strings
Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.
Hearken ! hearken !
If thou would'st know the mystic song
Chaunted when the sphere was young,
Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells,
O wise man, hear'st thou half it tells ?
O wise man ? hear'st thou the least part ?
'Tis the chronicle of art.
To the open ear it sings
The early genesis of things ;
Of tendency through endless ages,
Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,
Of rounded worlds, of space, and time,
Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
Of chemic matter, force, and form,
Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm,
The rushing metamorphosis
Dissolving all that fixture is,
Melts things that be to things that seem,

And solid nature to a dream.
O listen to the under song,
The ever-old, the ever-young,
And far within those cadent pauses,
The chorus of the ancient Causes.
Delights the dreadful destiny
To fling his voice into the tree,
And shock thy weak ear with a note
Breathed from the everlasting throat.
In music he repeats the pang
Whence the fair flock of nature sprang.
O mortal ! thy ears are stones ;
These echoés are laden with tones
Which only the pure can hear,
Thou canst not catch what they recite
Of Fate, and Will, of Want, and Right,
Of man to come, of human life,
Of Death, and Fortune, Growth, and Strife.'

Once again the pine-tree sung ;—
' Speak not thy speech my boughs among,
Put off thy years, wash in the breeze,
My hours are peaceful centuries.
Talk no more with feeble tongue ;
No more the fool of space and time,
Come weave with mine a nobler rhyme.

Only thy Americans
Can read thy line, can meet thy glance,
But the runes that I rehearse
Understands the universe.
The least breath my boughs which tossed
Brings again the Pentecost ;
To every soul it soundeth clear
In a voice of solemn cheer,
' Am I not thine ? are not these thine ?'
And they reply, ' For ever mine.'
My branches speak Italian,
English, German, Basque, Castilian,
Mountain speech to Highlanders,
Ocean tongues to islanders,
To Fin, and Lap, and swart Malay,
To each his bosom secret say.

Come learn with me the fatal song
Which knits the world in music strong,
Whereto every bosom dances
Kindled with courageous fancies :
Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes
Of things with things, of times with times,
Primal chimes of sun and shade,
Of sound and echo, man and maid ;
The land reflected in the flood ;

Body with shadow still pursued.
For nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she work in land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.
The wood is wiser far than thou :
The wood and wave each other know.
Not unrelated, unaffied,
But to each thought and thing allied,
Is perfect nature's every part,
Rooted in the mighty heart.
But thou, poor child ! unbound, unrhymed,
Whence camest thou, misplaced, mistimed ?
Whence, O thou orphan and defrauded ?
Is thy land peeled, thy realm marauded ?
Who thee divorced, deceived, and left ;
Thee of thy faith who hath bereft,
And torn the ensigns from thy brow,
And sunk the immortal eye so low ?
Thy cheek too white, thy form too slender,
Thy gait too slow, thy habits tender,
For royal man ; they thee confess

An exile from the wilderness,—
The hills where health with health agrees,
And the wise soul expels disease.
• Hark ! in thy ear I will tell the sign
By which thy hurt thou may'st divine.
When thou shalt climb the mountain cliff,
Or see the wide shore from thy skiff,
To thee the horizon shall express
Only emptiness and emptiness ;
There is no man of nature's worth
In the circle of the earth,
And to thine eye the vast skies fall
Dire and satirical
On clucking hens, and prating fools,
On thieves, on drudges, and on dolls.
And thou shalt say to the Most High,
' Godhead ! all this astronomy,
And Fate, and practice, and invention,
Strong art, and beautiful pretension,
This radiant pomp of sun and star,
Throes that were, and worlds that are,
Behold ! were in vain and in vain ;—
It cannot be,—I will look again,—
Surely now will the curtain rise,
And earth's fit tenant me surprise ;
But the curtain doth *not* rise,

And nature has miscarried wholly
Into failure, into folly.'

Alas ! thine is the bankruptcy,
Blessed nature so to see.
Come lay thee in my soothing shade,
And heal the hurts which sin has made.
I will teach the bright parable
Older than time,
Things undeclarable,
Visions sublime.
I see thee in the crowd alone ;
I will be thy companion.
Let thy friends be as the dead in doom,
And build to them a final tomb ;
Let the starred shade which mighty falls
Still celebrate their funerals,
And the bell of beetle and of bee
Knell their melodious memory.
Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches, and thy charities,
And leave thy peacock wit behind ;
Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.
Leave all thy pedant lore apart ;
God hid the whole world in thy heart.

Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
And gives them all who all renounce.
The rain comes when the wind calls,
The river knows the way to the sea,
Without a pilot it runs and falls,
Blessing all lands with its charity.
The sea tosses and foams to find
Its way up to the cloud and wind,
The shadow sits close to the flying ball,
The date fails not on the palm-tree tall,
And thou,—go burn thy wormy pages,—
Shalt outsee the seer, outwit the sages.
Oft didst thou thread the woods in vain
To find what bird had piped the strain,—
Seek not, and the little eremite
Flies gaily forth and sings in sight.

Hearken ! once more ;
I will tell the mundane lore.
Older am I than thy numbers wot,
Change I may, but I pass not ;
Hitherto all things fast abide,
And anchored in the tempest ride.
Trendrant time behoves to hurry
All to yeon and all to bury ;
All the forms are fugitive,

But the substances survive.
Ever fresh the broad creation,
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds,
A single will, a million deeds.
Once slept the world an egg of stone,
And pulse, and sound, and light was none ;
And God said, Throb ; and there was motion,
And the vast mass became vast ocean.
Onward and on, the eternal Pan
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape,
Like wave or flame, into new forms
Of gem, and air, of plants and worms.
I, that to-day am a pine,
Yesterday was a bundle of grass.
He is free and libertine,
Pouring of his power the wine
To every age, to every race,
Unto every race and age
He emptieth the beverage ;
Unto each, and unto all,
Maker and original.
The world is the ring of his spells,
And the play of his miracles.

As he giveth to all to drink,
Thus or thus they are and think.
He giveth little or giveth much,
To make them several or such.
With one drop sheds form and feature,
With the second a special nature,
The third adds heat's indulgent spark,
The fourth gives light which eats the dark.
In the fifth drop himself he flings,
And conscious Law is King of Kings.
Pleaseth him the Eternal Child
To play his sweet will, glad and wild ;
As the bee through the garden ranges,
From world to world the godhead changes ;
As the sheep go feeding through the waste,
From form to form he maketh haste.
This vault which glows immense with light
Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
What recks such Traveller if the bowers
Which bloom and fade like summer flowers,
A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
Or the stars of eternity ?
Alike to him the better, the worse,
The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
Thou metest him by centuries,
And lo ! he passes like the breeze ;

Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
He hides in pure transparency ;
Thou askest in fountains and in fires,
He is the essence that inquires.
He is the axis of the star ;
He is the sparkle of the spar ;
He is the heart of every creature ;
He is the meaning of each feature ;
And his mind is the sky
Than all it holds more deep, more high.'

MONADNOC.

THOUSAND minstrels woke within me,
'Our music's in the hills;'—
Gayest pictures rose to win me,
Leopard-coloured rills.
Up!—If thou knew'st who calls
To twilight parks of beech and pine,
High over the river intervals,
Above the ploughman's highest line,
Over the owner's farthest walls;—
Up! where the airy citadel
O'erlooks the purging landscape's swell.
Let not unto the stones the day
Her lily and rose, her sea and land display;
Read the celestial sign!
Lo! the South answers to the North;
Bookworm, break this sloth urbane;
A greater Spirit bids thee forth,
Than the grey dreams which thee detain.

Mark how the climbing Oreads
Beckon thee to their arcades ;
Youth, for a moment free as they,
Teach thy feet to feel the ground,
Ere yet arrive the wintry day
When Time thy feet has bound.
Accept the bounty of thy birth ;
Taste the lordship of the earth.

I heard and I obeyed,
Assured that he who pressed the claim,
Well-known, but loving not a name,
Was not to be gainsaid.

Ere yet the summoning voice was still,
I turned to Cheshire's haughty hill.
From the fixed cone the cloud-rack flowed
Like ample banner flung abroad
Round about, a hundred miles,
With invitation to the sea, and to the bordering isles.

In his own loom's garment drest,
By his own bounty blest,
Fast abides this constant giver,
Pouring many a cheerful river ;
To far eyes, an ærial isle,

Unploughed, which finer spirits pile,
Which morn and crimson evening paint
For bard, for lover, and for saint ;
The country's core,
Inspirer, prophet evermore,
Pillar which God aloft had set
So that men might it not forget,
It should be their life's ornament,
And mix itself with each event ;
Their calendar and dial,
Barometer, and chemic phial,
Garden of berries, perch of birds,
Pasture of pool-haunting herds,
Graced by each change of sum untold,
Earth-baking heat, stone-cleaving cold.

The Titan minds his sky-affairs,
Rich rents and wide alliance shares ;
Mysteries of colour daily laid
By the great sun in light and shade,
And sweet varieties of chance,
And the mystic seasons' dance,
And thief-like step of liberal hours
Which thawed the snow drift into flowers.
O wondrous craft of plant and stone
By eldest science done and shown !

Happy, I said, whose home is here,
Fair fortunes to the mountaineer !
Boon nature to his poorest shed
Has royal pleasure-grounds outspread.
Intent I searched the region round,
And in low hut my monarch found.
He was no eagle and no earl,
Alas ! my foundling was a churl,
With heart of cat, and eyes of bug,
Dull victim of his pipe and mug ;
Wo is me for my hopes' downfall !
Lord ! is yon squalid peasant all
That this proud nursery could breed
For God's vicegerency and stead ?
Time out of mind this forge of ores,
Quarry of spars in mountain pores,
Old cradle, hunting ground, and bier
Of wolf and otter, bear, and deer ;
Well-built abode of many a race ;
Tower of observance searching space ;
Factory of river, and of rain ;
Link in the alps' globe-girding chain ;
By million changes skilled to tell
What in the Eternal standeth well,
And what obedient nature can,—
Is this colossal talisman

Kindly to creature, blood, and kind,
And speechless to the master's mind ?

I thought to find the patriots
In whom the stock of freedom roots.
To myself I oft recount
Tales of many a famous mount.—
Wales, Scotland, Uri, Hungary's dells,
Roys, and Scanderbegs, and Tells.
Here now shall nature crowd her powers,
Her music, and her meteors,
And, lifting man to the blue deep
Where stars their perfect courses keep,
Like wise preceptor lure his eye
To sound the science of the sky,
And carry learning to its height
Of untried power and sane delight ;
The Indian cheer, the frosty skies
Breed purer wits, inventive eyes,
Eyes that frame cities where none be,
And hands that stablish what these see :
And, by the moral of his place,
Hint summits of heroic grace ;
Man in these crags a fastness find
To fight pollution of the mind ;
In the wide thaw and ooze of wrong,

Adhere like this foundation strong,
The insanity of towns to stem
With simpleness for stratagem.
But if the brave old mould is broke,
And end in clowns the mountain-folk,
In tavern cheer and tavern joke,—
Sink, O mountain ! in the swamp,
Hide in thy skies, O sovereign lamp !
Perish like leaves the highland breed !
No sire survive, no son succeed !

Soft ! let not the offended muse
Toil's hard hap with scorn accuse.
Many hamlets sought I then,
Many farms of mountain men ;—
Found I not a minstrel seed,
But men of bone, and good at need.
Rallying round a parish steeple
Nestle warm the highland people,
Coarse and boisterous, yet mild,
Strong as giant, slow as child,
Smoking in a squalid room,
Where yet the westland breezes come.
Close hid in those rough guises lurk
Western magians, here they work ;
Sweat and season are their arts,

Their talismans are ploughs and carts ;
And well the youngest can command
Honey from the frozen land,
With sweet hay the swamp adorn,
Change the running sand to corn,
For wolves and foxes, lowing herds,
And for cold mosses, cream and curds ;
Weave wood to canisters and mats,
Drain sweet maple-juice in vats.
No bird is safe that cuts the air,
From their rifle or their snare ;
No fish in river or in lake,
But their long hands it thence will take ;
And the country's iron face
Like wax their fashioning skill betrays,
To fill the hollows, sink the hills,
Bridge gulfs, drain swamps, build dams and mills,
And fit the bleak and howling place
For gardens of a finer race.
The world-soul knows his own affair,
Fore-looking when his hands prepare
For the next ages men of mould,
Well embodied, well ensouled,
He cools the present's fiery glow,
Sets the life pulse strong, but slow.
Bitter winds and fasts austere.

His quarantines and grottos, where
He slowly cures decrepit flesh,
And brings it infantile and fresh.
These exercises are the toys
And games with which he breathes his boys.
They bide their time, and well can prove,
If need were, their line from Jove,
Of the same stuff, and so allayed,
As that whereof the sun is made ;
And of that fibre quick and strong
Whose throbs are love, whose thrills are song.

Now in sordid weeds they sleep,
Their secret now in dulness keep.
Yet, will you learn our ancient speech,
These the masters who can teach,
Fourscore or a hundred words
All their vocal muse affords,
These they turn in other fashion
Than the writer or the parson.
I can spare the college-bell,
And the learned lecture well.
Spare the clergy and libraries,
Institutes and dictionaries,
For the hardy English root
Thrives here unvalued underfoot.

Rude poets of the tavern hearth,
Squandering your unquoted mirth,
Which keeps the ground and never soars,
While Jake retorts and Reuben roars,
Tough and screaming as birch-bark,
Goes like bullet to its mark,
While the solid curse and jeer
Never baulk the waiting ear :
To student ears keen-relished jokes
On truck, and stock, and farming-folks,—
Nought the mountain yields thereof
But savage health and sinews tough.

On the summit as I stood,
O'er the wide floor of plain and flood,
Seemed to me the towering hill
Was not altogether still,
But a quiet sense conveyed ;
If I err not, thus it said :

Many feet in summer seek
Betimes my far-appearing peak ;
In the dreaded winter-time,
None save dappling shadows climb
Under clouds my lonely head,
Old as the sun, old almost as the shade.

And comest thou
To see strange forests and new snow,
And tread uplifted land ?
And leavest thou thy lowland race,
Here amid clouds to stand,
And would'st be my companion,
Where I gaze
And shall gaze
When forests fall, and man is gone,
Over tribes and over times
As the burning Lyre
Nearing me,
With its stars of northern fire,
In many a thousand years.

Ah ! welcome, if thou bring
My secret in thy brain ;
To mountain-top may muse's wing
With good allowance strain.
Gentle pilgrim, if thou know
The gamut old of Pan,
And how the hills began,
The frank blessings of the hill
Fall on thee, as fall they will.
'Tis the law of bush and stone—
Each can only take his own.

Let him heed who can and will,—
Enchantment fixed me here
To stand the hurts of time, until
In mightier chant I disappear.
If thou trowest
How the chemic eddies play
Pole to pole, and what they say,
And that these gray crags
Not on crags are hung,
But beads are of a rosary
On prayer and music strung ;
And, credulous, through the granite seeming
Seest the smile of Reason beaming ;
Can thy style-discerning eye
The hidden-working Builder spy,
Who builds, yet makes no chips, no din,
With hammer soft as snow-flake's flight ;
Knowest thou this ?
O pilgrim, wandering not amiss !
Already my rocks lie light,
And soon my cone will spin.
For the world was built in order,
And the atoms march in tune,
Rhyme the pipe, and time the warder,
Cannot forget the sun, the moon.
Orb and atom forth they prance,

When they hear from far the rune,
None so backward in the troop,
When the music and the dance
Reach his place and circumstance,
But knows the sun-creating sound,
And, though a pyramid, will bound.

Monadnoc is a mountain strong,
Tall and good my kind among,
But well I know, no mountain can
Measure with a perfect man ;
For it is on Zodiac's writ,
Adamant is soft to wit ;
And when the greater comes again,
With my music in his brain,
I shall pass as glides my shadow
Daily over hill and meadow.

Through all time
I hear the approaching feet
Along the flinty pathway beat
Of him that cometh, and shall come,—
Of him who shall as lightly bear
My daily load of woods and streams,
As now the round sky-cleaving boat
Which never strains its rocky beams.

Whose timbers, as they silent float,
Alps and Caucasus uprear,
And the long Alleghanies here,
And all town-sprinkled lands that be,
Sailing through stars with all their history.

Every morn I lift my head,
Gaze o'er New England underspread
South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound,
From Katshill east to the sea-bound.
Anchored fast for many an age,
I await the bard and sage,
Who in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,
Shall string Monadnoc like a bead.
Comes that cheerful troubadour,
This mound shall throb his face before,
As when with inward fires and pain
It rose a bubble from the plain.
When he cometh, I shall shed
From this well-spring in my head
Fountain drop of spicier worth
Than all vintage of the earth.
There's fruit upon my barren soil
Costlier far than wine or oil ;
There's a berry blue and gold,—
Autumn-ripe its juices hold,

Sparta's stoutness, Bethlehem's heart,
Asia's rancour, Athen's art,
Slowsure Britain's secular might,
And the German's inward sight ;
I will give my son to eat
Best of Pan's immortal meat,
Bread to eat and juice to drink,
So the thoughts that he shall think
Shall not be forms of stars, but stars,
Nor pictures pale, but Jove and Mars.

He comes, but not of that race bred
Who daily climb my specular head.
Oft as morning wreathes my scarf,
Fled the last plumule of the dark,
Pants up hither the spruce clerk
From South-Cove and City-wharf ;
I take him up my rugged sides,
Half-repentant, scant of breath,—
Bead-eyes my granite chaos show,
And my midsummer snow ;
Open the daunting map beneath,—
All his county, sea and land,
Dwarfed to measure of his hand ;
His day's ride is a furlong space,
His city tops a glimmering haze :

I plant his eyes on the sky-hoop bounding ;—
See there the grim grey rounding
Of the bullet of the earth
Whereon ye sail,
Tumbling steep
In the uncontinented deep ;—
He looks on that, and he turns pale :
'Tis even so, this treacherous kite,
Farm-furrowed, town-incrusted sphere,
Thoughtless of its anxious freight,
Plunges eyeless on for ever,
And he, poor parasite,—
Cooped in a ship he cannot steer,
Who is the captain he knows not,
Port or pilot trows not,—
Risk or ruin he must share.
I scowl on him with my cloud,
With my north wind chill his blood,
I lame him clattering down the rocks,
And to live he is in fear.
Then, at last, I let him down
Once more into his dapper town,
To chatter frightened to his clan,
And forget me, if he can.
As in the old poetic fame
The gods are blind and lame,

And the simular despite
Betrays the more abounding might,
So call not waste that barren cone
Above the floral zone,
Where forests starve :
It is pure use ;
What sheaves like those which here we glean and bind,
Of a celestial Ceres, and the Muse ?

Ages are thy days,
Thou grand expressor of the present tense,
And type of permanence,
Firm ensign of the fatal Being,
Amid these coward shapes of joy and grief
That will not bide the seeing.
Hither we bring
Our insect miseries to the rocks,
And the whole flight with pestering wing
Vanish and end their murmuring,
Vanish beside these dedicated blocks,
Which, who can tell what mason laid ?
Spoils of a front none need restore,
Replacing frieze and architrave ;
Yet flowers each stone rosette and metope brave,
Still is the haughty pile erect
Of the old building Intellect.

Complement of human kind,
Having us at vantage still,
Our sumptuous indigence,
O barren mound ! thy plenties fill.
We fool and prate,—
Thou art silent and sedate.
To million kinds and times one sense
The constant mountain doth dispense,
Shedding on all its snows and leaves,
One joy it joys, one grief it grieves.
Thou seest, O watchman tall !
Our towns and races grow and fall,
And imagest the stable Good
For which we all our lifetime grope,
In shifting form the formless mind ;
And though the substance us elude,
We in thee the shadow find.

Thou in our astronomy
An opaker star,
Seen, haply, from afar,
Above the horizon's hoop.
A moment by the railway troop,
As o'er some bolder height they speed,—
By circumspect ambition,
By errant Gain,

By feasters, and the frivolous,—
Recallest us,
And makest sane.
Mute orator ! well-skilled to plead,
And send conviction without phrase,
Thou dost supply
The shortness of our days,
And promise, on thy Founder's truth.
Long morrow to this mortal youth.

FABLE.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter, 'little prig :'
Bun replied,
You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry :
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track ;
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.

O D E,

INSCRIBED TO WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

THOUGH loth to grieve
The evil time's sole patriot,
I cannot leave
My buried thought
For the priest's cant,
Or statesman's rant.

If I refuse
My study for their politique,
Which at the best is trick,
The angry muse
Puts confusion in my brain.

But who is he that prates
Of the culture of mankind,
Of better arts and life?
Go, blind worm, go,

Behold the famous States
Harrying Mexico
, With rifle and with knife.

Or who, with accent bolder,
Dare praise the freedom-loving mountaineer,
I found by thee, O rushing Contoocook !
And in thy vallies, Agiochook !
The jackals of the negro-holder.

The God who made New Hampshire
Taunted the lofty land
With little men.
Small bat and wren
House in the oak.
If earth fire cleave
The upheaved land, and bury the folk,
The southern crocodile would grieve.

Virtue palters, right is hence,
Freedom praised but hid ;
Funeral eloquence
Rattles the coffin-lid.

What boots thy zeal,
O glowing friend,

That would indignant rend
The northland from the south?
Wherefore? To what good end?
Boston Bay and Bunker Hill
Would serve things still:
Things are of the snake.

The horseman serves the horse,
The neat-herd serves the neat,
The merchant serves the purse,
The eater serves his meat;
'Tis the day of the chattel,
Web to weave, and corn to grind,
Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.

There are two laws discrete
Not reconciled,
Law for man, and law for thing;
The last builds town and fleet,
But it runs wild,
And doth the man unking.

'Tis fit the forest fall,
The steep be graded,
The mountain tunnelled,
The land shaded,

The orchard planted,
The globe tilled,
The prairie planted,
The steamer built.

Let man serve law for man,
Live for friendship, live for love,
For truth's and harmony's behoof;
The state may follow how it can,
As Olympus follows Jove.
Yet do not I implore
The wrinkled shopman to my sounding woods,
Nor bid the unwilling senator
Ask votes of thrushes in the solitudes.
Every one to his chosen work.
Foolish hands may mix and mar,
Wise and sure the issues are.
Round they roll, till dark is light,
Sex to sex, and even to odd;
The over-God,
Who marries Right to Might,
Who peoples, unpeoples,
He who exterminates
Races by stronger races,
Black by white faces,
Knows to bring honey

Out of the lion,
Grafts gentlest scion
On Pirate and Turk.

The Cossack eats Poland,
Like stolen fruit ;
Her last noble is ruined,
Her last poet mute ;
Straight into double band
The victors divide,
Half for freedom strike and stand,
The astonished muse finds thousands at her side.

ASTRÆA.

HIMSELF it was who wrote
His rank, and quartered his own coat.
There is no king nor sovereign state
That can fix a hero's rate ;
Each to all is venerable,
Cap-a-pie invulnerable,

Until he write, where all eyes rest,
Slave or master on his breast.

I saw men go up and down
In the country and the town,
With this prayer upon their neck,
'Judgment and a judge we seek.'
Not to monarchs they repair,
Nor to learned jurist's chair,
But they hurry to their peers,
To their kinsfolk and their dears,
Louder than with speech they pray,
What am I? companion; say.
And the friend not hesitates
To assign just place and mates,
Answers not in word or letter,
Yet is understood the better;—
Is to his friend a looking-glass,
Reflects his figure that doth pass.
Every wayfarer he meets
What himself declared, repeats;
What himself confessed, records;
Sentences him in his words,
The form is his own corporal form,
And his thought the penal worm.

Yet shine for ever virgin minds,
Loved by stars and purest winds,
Which, o'er passion throned sedate,
Have not hazarded their state,
Disconcert the searching spy,
Rendering to a curious eye
The durance of a granite ledge
To those who gaze from the sea's edge.
It is there for benefit,
It is there for purging light,
There for purifying storms,
And its depths reflect all forms ;
It cannot parley with the mean,
Pure by impure is not seen.
For there's no sequestered grot,
Lone mountain tarn, or isle forgot,
But justice journeying in the sphere
Daily stoops to harbour there.

ETIENNE DE LA BOËCE.

I SERVE you not, if you I follow,
Shadow-like, o'er hill and hollow,
And bend my fancy to your leading,
All too nimble for my treading.
When the pilgrimage is done,
And we've the landscape overrun,
I am bitter, vacant, thwarted,
And your heart is unsupported.
Vainly valiant, you have missed
The manhood that should your's resist,
Its complement ; but if I could
In severe or cordial mood
Lead you rightly to my altar,
Where the wisest muses falter,
And worship that world-warning spark
Which dazzles me in midnight dark,
Equalizing small and large,
While the soul it doth surcharge,

That the poor is wealthy grown,
And the hermit never alone,
The traveller and the road seem one
With the errand to be done ;—
That were a man's and lover's part,
That were Freedom's whitest chart.

“SUUM CUIQUE.”

THE rain has spoiled the farmer's day ;
Shall sorrow put my books away ?
Thereby are two days lost :
Nature shall mind her own affairs,
I will attend my proper cares,
In rain, or sun, or frost.

COMPENSATION.

WHY should I keep holiday,
When other men have none ?
Why but because when these are gay,
I sit and mourn alone.

And why when mirth unseals all tongues
Should mine alone be dumb ?
Ah ! late I spoke to silent throngs,
And now their hour is come.

FORBEARANCE.

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun ;
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk ;
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse ;
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust ;
And loved so well a high behaviour
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay ?—
O be my friend, and teach me to be thine !

THE PARK.

THE prosperous and beautiful
To me seem not to wear
The yoke of conscience masterful,
Which galls me everywhere.

I cannot shake off the god ;
On my neck he makes his seat ;
I look at my face in the glass,
My eyes his eye-balls meet.

Enchanters ! enchantresses !
Your gold makes you seem wise :
The morning mist within your grounds
More proudly rolls, more softly lies.

Yet spake yon purple mountain,
Yet said yon ancient wood,
That night or day, that love or crime
Lead all souls to the Good.

THE FORERUNNERS.

LONG I followed happy guides,—
I could never reach their sides.
Their step is forth, and, ere the day,
Breaks up their leaguer, and away.
Keen my sense, my heart was young,
Right goodwill my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.
On and away, their hasting feet
Make the morning proud and sweet.
Flowers they strew, I catch the scent,
Or tone of silver instrument
Leaves on the wind melodious trace,
Yet I could never see their face.
On eastern hills I see their smokes
Mixed with mist by distant lochs.
I met many travellers
Who the road had surely kept,—

They saw not my fine revellers,—
These had crossed them while they slept.
Some had heard their fair report
In the country or the court.
Fleetest couriers alive
Never yet could once arrive,
As they went or they returned,
At the house where these sojourned.
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,
Though they are not overtaken :
In sleep, their jubilant troop is near,
I tuneful voices overhear,
It may be in wood or waste,—
At unawares 'tis come and passed.
Their near camp my spirit knows
By signs gracious as rainbows.
I thenceforward and long after
Listen for their harp-like laughter,
And carry in my heart for days
Peace that hallows rudest ways.—

“SURSUM CORDA.”

SEEK not the Spirit, if it hide,
Inexorable to thy zeal :
Baby, do not whine and chide ;
Art thou not also real ?
Why should'st thou stoop to poor excuse ?
Turn on the Accuser roundly ; say,
' Here am I, here will I remain
Forever to myself soothfast,
Go thou, sweet Heaven, or, at thy pleasure stay.'—
Already Heaven with thee its lot has cast,
For it only can absolutely deal.

ODE TO BEAUTY.

Who gave thee, O Beauty !
The keys of this breast,
Too credulous lover
Of blest and unblest ?
Say when in lapsed ages
Thee knew I of old ;
Or what was the service
For which I was sold ?
When first my eyes saw thee,
I found me thy thrall,
By magical drawings,
Sweet tyrant of all !
I drank at thy fountain
False waters of thirst ;
Thou intimate stranger,
Thou latest and first !
Thy dangerous glances
Make women of men ;

New-born we are melting
Into nature again.

Lavish, lavish promiser,
Nigh persuading gods to err,
Guest of million painted forms
Which in turn thy glory warms,
The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
The acorn's cup, the raindrop's arc,
The swinging spider's silver line,
The ruby of the drop of wine,
The shining pebble of the pond,
Thou inscribest with a bond
In thy momentary play
Would bankrupt Nature to repay.

Ah! what avails it
To hide or to shun
Whom the Infinite One
Hath granted his throne?
The heaven high over
Is the deep's lover,
The sun and sea
Informed by thee,
Before me run,
And draw me on,

Yet fly me still,
As Fate refuses
To me the heart Fate for me chooses,
Is it that my opulent soul
Was mingled from the generous whole,
Sea valleys and the deep of skies
Furnished several supplies,
And the sands whereof I'm made
Draw me to them self-betrayed ?
I turn the proud portfolios
Which hold the grand designs
Of Salvator, of Guercino,
And Piranesi's lines.
I hear the lofty Pæans
Of the masters of the shell,
Who heard the starry music,
And recount the numbers well :
Olympian bards who sung
Divine Ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.
Oft in streets or humblest places
I detect far wandered graces,
Which from Eden wide astray
In lowly homes have lost their way.

Thee gliding through the sea of form,
Like the lightning through the storm,
Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to be caressed,
No feet so fleet could ever find,
No perfect form could ever bind.
Thou eternal fugitive
Hovering over all that live,
Quick and skilful to inspire
Sweet extravagant desire,
Starry space and lily bell
Filling with thy roseate smell,
Wilt not give the lips to taste
Of the nectar which thou hast.

All that's good and great with thee
Stands in deep conspiracy.
Thou hast bribed the dark and lonely
To report thy features only,
And the cold and purple morning
Itself with thoughts of thee adorning,
The leafy dell, the city mart,
Equal trophies of thine art,
E'en the flowing azure air
Thou hast touched for my despair,
And if I languish into dreams,

Again I meet the ardent beams.
Queen of things ! I dare not die
In Being's deeps past ear and eye,
Lest there I find the same deceiver,
And be the sport of Fate forever.
Dread power, but dear ! if God thou be,
Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me.

GIVE ALL TO LOVE.

GIVE all to love ;
Obey thy heart ;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good fame,
Plans, credit, and the muse ;
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master,
Let it have scope,
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope ;

High and more high,
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent ;
But 'tis a god,
Knows its own path,
And the outlets of the sky.

'Tis not for the mean,
It requireth courage stout,
Souls above doubt,
Valour unbending ;
Such 'twill reward,
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;—
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavour,
Keep thee to day,
To-morrow, for ever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid ;
But when the surprise,
Vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free,
Do not thou detain a hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Tho' her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive,
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

TO ELLEN, AT THE SOUTH.

THE green grass is growing,
The morning wind is in it,
'Tis a tune worth the knowing,
Though it change every minute.

'Tis a tune of the spring,
Every year plays it over,
To the robin on the wing,
To the pausing lover.

O'er ten thousand thousand acres
Goes light the nimble zephyr,
The flowers, tiny feet of shakers,
Worship him ever.

Hark to the winning sound !
They summon thee, dearest,
Saying ; ' We have drest for thee the ground,
Nor yet thou appearest.

O hasten, 'tis our time,
Ere yet the red summer
Scorch our delicate prime,
Loved of bee, the tawny hummer.

O pride of thy race !
Sad in sooth it were to ours,
If our brief tribe miss thy face,—
We pour New England flowers.

Fairest ! choose the fairest members
Of our lithe society ;
June's glories and September's
Show our love and piety.

Thou shalt command us all,
April's cowslip, summer's clover,
To the gentian in the fall,
Blue-eyed pet of blue-eyed lover.

O come, then, quickly come,
We are budding, we are blowing,
And the wind which we perfume
Sings a tune that's worth thy knowing.'

TO EVA.

O FAIR and stately maid, whose eye
Was kindled in the upper sky
At the same torch that lighted mine,
For so I must interpret still
Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,
A sympathy divine.

Ah ! let me blameless gaze upon
Features that seem in heart my own,
Nor fear those watchful sentinels
Which charm the more their glance forbids,
Chaste glowing underneath their lids
With fire that draws while it repels.

THINE eyes still shined for me, though far
I lonely roved the land or sea,
As I behold yon evening star,
Which yet beholds not me.

This morn I climbed the misty hill,
And roamed the pastures through ;
How danced thy form before my path,
Amidst the deep-eyed dew !

When the red bird spread his sable wing,
And showed his side of flame,
When the rose-bud ripened to the rose,
In both I read thy name.

THE AMULET.

YOUR picture smiles as first it smiled,
The ring you gave is still the same,
Your letter tells, O changing child,
No tidings *since* it came.

Give me an amulet
That keeps intelligence with you,
Red when you love, and rosier red,
And when you love not, pale and blue.

Alas, that neither bonds nor vows
Can certify possession ;
Torments me still the fear that love
Died in its last expression.

EROS.

THE sense of the world is short,
Long and various the report,—
To love and be beloved ;
Men and gods have not outlearned it,
And how oft soe'er they've turned it,
'Tis not to be improved.

HERMIONE.

ON a mound an Arab lay,
And sung his sweet regrets,
And told his amulets ;
The summer bird
His sorrow heard,
And when he heaved a sigh profound,
The sympathetic swallows swept the ground.

If it be as they said, she was not fair ;
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But sceptred Genius aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere.
This Hermione absorbed
The lustre of the land and ocean,
Hills and islands, vine and tree,
In her form and motion.
I ask no bauble miniature,
Nor ringlets dead

Shorn from her comely head,
Now that morning not disdains,—
Mountains and the misty plains—
Her colossal portraiture :
They her heralds be,
Steeped in her quality,
And singers of her fame,
Who is their muse and dame.

Higher, dear swallows, mind not what I say.
Ah ! heedless how the weak are strong,
Say, was it just
In thee to frame, in me to trust,
Thou to the Syrian couldst belong ?

I am of a lineage
That each for each doth fast engage.
In old Bassora's schools I seemed
Hermit vowed to books and gloom,
Ill-bested for gay bridegroom :
I was by thy touch redeemed ;
When thy meteor glances came,
We talked at large of worldly Fate,
And drew truly every trait.
Once I dwelt apart,
Now I live with all ;

As shepherd's lamp on far hill side,
Seems, by the traveller espied,
A door into the mountain heart,
So didst thou quarry and unlock
Highways for me through the rock.

Now deceived thou wanderest
In strange lands, unblest,
And my kindred come to soothe me,
South wind is my next of blood ;
He is come through fragrant wood,
Drugged with spice from climates warm,
And in every twinkling glade,
And twilight nook,
Unveils thy form :
Out of the forest way
Forth paced it yesterday,
And, when I sat by the water-course,
Watching the daylight fade,
It throbbed up from the brook.
River, and rose, and crag, and bird,
Frost, and sun, and eldest night
To me their aid preferred,
To me their comfort plight :
' Courage ! we are thine allies ;
And with this hint be wise,

The chains of kind
The distant bind :
Deed thou doest, she must do,
Above her will, be true ;
And, in her strict resort
To winds and waterfalls,
And autumn's sun-lit festivals,
To music, and to music's thought,
Inextricably bound,
She shall find thee, and be found.
Follow not her flying feet,
Come to us herself to meet.'

O D E.

I.

INITIAL LOVE.

VENUS, when her son was lost,
Cried him up and down the coast,
In hamlets, palaces and parks,
And told the truant by his marks,
Golden curls, and quiver, and bow ;—
This befel long ago.
Time and tide are strangely changed,
Men and manners much deranged ;
None will now find Cupid latent
By this foolish antique patent.
He came late along the waste,
Shod like a traveller for haste,
With malice dared me to proclaim him,
That the maids and boys might name him.

Boy no more, he wears all coats,
Frocks, and blouses, capes, capôtes,

He bears no bow, or quiver, or wand,
Nor chaplet on his head or hand :
Leave his weeds and heed his eyes,
All the rest he can disguise.
In the pit of his eyes a spark
Would bring back day if it were dark,
And,—if I tell you all my thought,
Though I comprehend it not,—
In those unfathomable orbs
Every function he absorbs ;
He doth eat, and drink, and fish, and shoot,
And write, and reason, and compute,
And ride, and run, and have, and hold,
And whine, and flatter, and regret,
And kiss, and couple, and beget,
By those roving eye-balls bold ;
Undaunted are their courages,
Right Cossacks in their forages ;
Fleeter they than any creature,
They are his steeds and not his feature,
Inquisitive, and fierce, and fasting,
Restless, predatory, hasting,—
And they pounce on other eyes,
As lions on their prey ;
And round their circles is writ
Plainer than the day,

Underneath, within, above,
Love, love, love, love.
He lives in his eyes,
There doth digest, and work, and spin,
And buy, and sell, and lose, and win ;
He rolls them with delighted motion,
Joy-tides swell their mimic ocean.
Yet holds he them with tortest rein,
That they may sieze and entertain
The glance that to their glance opposes,
Like fiery honey sucked from roses.

He palmistry can understand,
Imbibing virtue by his hand
As if it were a living root ;
The pulse of hands will make him mute ;
With all his force he gathers balms
Into those wise thrilling palms.

Cupid is a casuist,
A mystic, and a cabalist,
Can your lurking Thought surprise,
And interpret your device ;
Mainly versed in occult science,
In magic, and in clairvoyance.
Oft he keeps his fine ear strained,

And reason on her tiptoe pained,
For aery intelligence,
And for strange coincidence.
But it touches his quick heart
When Fate by omens takes his part,
And chance-dropt hints from Nature's sphere
Deeply soothe his anxious ear.

Heralds high before him run,
He has ushers many a one,
Spreads his welcome where he goes,
And touches all things with his rose.
All things wait for and divine him,—
How shall I dare to malign him,
Or accuse the god of sport?—
I must end my true report,
Painting him from head to foot,
In as far as I took note,
Trusting well the matchless power
Of this young-eyed emperor
Will clear his fame from every cloud,
With the bards, and with the crowd.

He is wilful, mutable,
Shy, untamed, inscrutable,
Swifter-fashioned than the fairies,

Substance mixed of pure contraries,
His vice some elder virtue's token,
And his good is evil spoken.
Failing sometimes of his own,
He is headstrong and alone ;
He affects the wood and wild,
Like a flower-hunting child,
Buries himself in summer waves,
In trees, with beasts, in mines, and caves,
Loves nature like a horned cow,
Bird, or deer, or cariboo.

Shun him, nymphs, on the fleet horses !
He has a total world of wit,—
O how wise are his discourses !
But he is the arch-hypocrite,
And through all science and all art,
Seeks alone his counterpart.
He is a Pundit of the east,
He is an augur and a priest,
And his soul will melt in prayer,
But word and wisdom are a snare ;
Corrupted by the present toy,
He follows joy, and only joy.

There is no mask but he will wear,

He invented oaths to swear,
He paints, he carves, he chants, he prays,
And holds all stars in his embrace,
Godlike,—but 'tis for his fine pelf,
The social quintessence of self.
Well, said I, he is hypocrite,
And folly the end of his subtle wit,
He takes a sovran privilege
Not allowed to any liege,
For he does go behind all law,
And right into himself does draw,
For he is sovranly allied.
Heaven's oldest blood flows in his side,
And interchangeably at one
With every king on every throne,
That no God dare say him nay,
Or see the fault, or seen betray ;
He has the Muses by the heart,
And the Parcæ all are of his part.

His many signs cannot be told,
He has not one mode, but manifold,
Many fashions and addresses,
Piques, reproaches, hurts, caresses,
Action, service, badinage,

He will preach like a friar,
And jump like Harlequin,
He will read like a crier,
And fight like a Paladin.
Boundless is his memory,
Plans immense his term prolong,
He is not of counted age,
Meaning always to be young.
And his wish is intimacy,
Intimater intimacy,
And a stricter privacy,
The impossible shall yet be done,
And being two shall still be one.
As the wave breaks to foam on shelves,
Then runs into a wave again,
So lovers melt their sundered selves,
Yet melted would be twain.

II.

THE DÆMONIC AND THE CELESTIAL LOVE.

DÆMONIC LOVE.

MAN was made of social earth,
Child and brother from his birth ;
Tethered by a liquid cord
Of blood through veins of kindred poured,
Next his heart the fireside band
Of mother, father, sister, stand ;
Names from awful childhood heard,
Throbs of a wild religion stirred,
Their good was heaven, their harm was vice,
Till Beauty came to snap all ties,
The maid, abolishing the past,
With lotus-wine obliterates
Dear memory's stone-incarved traits,
And by herself supplants alone
Friends year by year more inly known.
When her calm eyes opened bright,
All were foreign in their light.

It was ever the self-same tale,
The old experience will not fail,—
Only two in the garden walked,
And with snake and seraph talked.

But God said ;
I will have a purer gift,
There is smoke in the flame ;
New flowerets bring, new prayers uplift,
And love without a name.
Fond children, ye desire
To please each other well ;
Another round, a higher,
Ye shall climb on the heavenly stair,
And selfish preference forbear ;
And in right deserving,
And without a swerving
Each from your proper state,
Weave roses for your mate.

Deep, deep are loving eyes,
Flowed with naphtha fiery sweet,
And the point is Paradise
Where their glances meet :
Their reach shall yet be more profound,
And a vision without bound :

The axis of those eyes sun-clear
Be the axis of the sphere ;
Then shall the lights ye pour amain
Go without check or intervals,
Through from the empyrean walls,
Unto the same again.

Close, close to men,
Like undulating layer of air,
Right above their heads,
The potent plain of Dæmons spreads.
Stands to each human soul its own,
For watch, and ward, and furtherance
In the snares of nature's dance ;
And the lustre and the grace
Which fascinate each human heart,
Beaming from another part,
Translucent through the mortal covers,
Is the Dæmon's form and face.
To and fro the Genius hies,
A gleam which plays and hovers
Over the maiden's head,
And dips sometimes as low as to her eyes.

Unknown,—albeit lying near,—
To men the path to the Dæmon sphere,

And they that swiftly come and go,
Leave no track on the heavenly snow.
Sometimes the airy synod bends,
And the mighty choir descends,
And the brains of men thenceforth,
In crowded and in still resorts,
Teem with unwonted thoughts.
As when a shower of meteors
Cross the orbit of the earth,
And, lit by fringent air,
Blaze near and far.
Mortals deem the planets bright
Have slipped their sacred bars,
And the lone seaman all the night
Sails astonished amid stars.

Beauty of a richer vein,
Graces of a subtler strain,
Unto men these moon-men lend,
And our shrinking sky extend.
So is man's narrow path
By strength and terror skirted,
Also (from the song the wrath
Of the Genii be averted !
The Muse the truth uncoloured speaking.)
The Dæmons are self-seeking ;

Their fierce and limitary will
Draws men to their likeness still.

The erring painter made Love blind,
Highest Love who shines on all ;
Him radiant, sharpest-sighted god
None can bewilder ;
Whose eyes pierce
The Universe,
Path-finder, road-builder,
Mediator, royal giver,
Rightly-seeing, rightly-seen,
Of joyful and transparent mien.
'Tis a sparkle passing
From each to each, from me to thee,
Perpetually,
Sharing all, daring all,
Levelling, displacing
Each obstruction, it unites
Equals remote, and seeming opposites.
And ever and forever Love
Delights to build a road ;
Unheeded Danger near him strides,
Love laughs, and on a lion rides.

But Cupid wears another face
Born into Dæmons less divine,
His roses bleach apace,
His nectar smacks of wine.
The Dæmon ever builds a wall,
Himself incloses and includes,
Solitude in solitudes :
In like sort his love doth fall.
He is an oligarch,
He prizes wonder, fame, and mark,
He loveth crowns,
He scorneth drones ;
He doth elect
The beautiful and fortunate,
And the sons of intellect,
And the souls of ample fate,
Who the Future's gates unbar,
Minions of the Morning Star.
In his prowess he exults,
And the multitude insults.
His impatient looks devour
Oft the humble and the poor,
And, seeing his eye glare,
They drop their few pale flowers
Gathered with hope to please
Along the mountain towers,

Lose courage, and despair.
He will never be gainsaid,
Pitiless, will not be stayed.
His hot tyranny
Burns up every other tie ;
Therefore comes an hour from Jove
Which his ruthless will defies,
And the dogs of Fate unties.
Shiver the palaces of glass,
Shrivel the rainbow-coloured walls,
Where in bright art each god and sibyl dwelt
Secure as in the Zodiack's belt ;
And the galleries and halls
Wherein every Siren sung,
Like a meteor pass.
For this fortune wanted root
In the core of God's abysm,
Was a weed of self and schism :
And ever the Dæmonic Love
Is the ancestor of wars,
And the parent of remorse.

CELESTIAL LOVE.

HIGHER far,
Upward, into the pure realm,
Over sun or star,
Over the flickering Dæmon film,
Thou must mount for love,—
Into vision which all form
In one only form dissolves ;
In a region where the wheel,
On which all beings ride,
Visibly revolves ;
Where the starred eternal worm
Girds the world with bound and term ;
Where unlike things are like,
When good and ill,
And joy and moan,
Melt into one.
There Past, Present, Future, shoot
Triple blossoms from one root,
Substances at base divided
In their summits are united,
There the holy Essence rolls,
One through separated souls,
And the sunny Æon sleeps

Folding nature in its deeps,
And every fair and every good
Known in part or known impure
To men below,
In their archetypes endure.

The race of gods,
Or those we erring own,
Are shadows fitting up and down
In the still abodes.
The circles of that sea are laws,
Which publish and which hide the Cause.
Pray for a beam
Out of that sphere
Thee to guide and to redeem.

O what a load
Of care and toil
By lying Use bestowed,
From his shoulders falls, who sees
The true astronomy,
The period of peace !
Counsel which the ages kept,
Shall the well-born soul accept.
As the overhanging trees
Fill the lake with images,

As garment draws the garment's hem
Men their fortunes bring with them ;
By right or wrong,
Lands and goods go to the strong ;
Property will brutally draw
Still to the proprietor,
Silver to silver creep and wind,
And kind to kind,
Nor less the eternal poles
Of tendency distribute souls.
There need no vows to bind
Whom not each other seek but find.
They give and take no pledge or oath,
Nature is the bond of both.
No prayer persuades, no flattery fawns,
Their noble meanings are their pawns.
Plain and cold is their address,
Power have they for tenderness,
And so thoroughly is known
Each other's purpose by his own,
They can parley without meeting,
Need is none of forms of greeting,
They can well communicate
In their innermost estate ;
When each the other shall avoid,
Shall each by each be most enjoyed.

Not with scarfs or perfumed gloves
Do these celebrate their loves,
Not by jewels, feasts, and savours,
Not by ribbons or by favours,
But by the sun-spark on the sea,
And the cloud-shadow on the lea,
The soothing lapse of morn to mirk,
And the cheerful round of work.
Their cords of love so public are,
They intertwine the farthest star.
The throbbing sea, the quaking earth,
Yield sympathy and signs of mirth ;
Is none so high, so mean is none,
But feels and seals this union.
Even the fell Furies are appeased,
The good applaud, the lost are eased.

Love's hearts are faithful, but not fond,
Bound for the just, but not beyond ;
Not glad, as the low-loving herd,
Of self in other still preferred,
But they have heartily designed
The benefit of broad mankind.
And they serve men austere-ly,
After their own genius, clearly,
Without a false humility ;

For this is love's nobility,
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold,
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand, and body, and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good :
For he that feeds men, serveth few,
He serves all, who dares be true,

THE APOLOGY.

THINK me not unkind and rude,
That I walk alone in grove and glen ;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook ;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought ;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery,
But 'tis figured in the flowers,
Was never secret history,
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong ;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

MERLIN.

I.

Thy trivial harp will never please
Or fill my craving ear ;
Its chords should ring as blows the breeze,
Free, peremptory, clear.
No jingling serenader's art,
Nor tinkle of piano strings,
Can make the wild blood start
In its mystic springs.
The kingly bard
Must smite the chords rudely and hard,
As with hammer or with mace,
That they may render back
Artful thunder that conveys

Secrets of the solar track,
Sparks of the supersolar blaze.
Merlin's blows are strokes of fate,
Chiming with the forest-tone,
When boughs buffet boughs in the wood ;
Chiming with the gasp and moan
Of the ice-imprisoned flood ;
With the pulse of manly hearts,
With the voice of orators,
With the din of city arts,
With the cannonade of wars.
With the marches of the brave,
And prayers of might from martyrs' cave.

Great is the art,
Great be the manners of the bard !
He shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number,
But, leaving rule and pale forethought,
He shall aye climb
For his rhyme :
Pass in, pass in, the angels say,
In to the upper doors ;
Nor count compartments of the floors,
But mount to Paradise
By the stairway of surprise.

Blameless master of the games,
King of sport that never shames ;
He shall daily joy dispense
Hid in song's sweet influence.
Things more cheerly live and go,
What time the subtle mind
Plays aloud the tune whereto
Their pulses beat,
And march their feet,
And their members are combined.

By Sybarites beguiled
He shall no task decline ;
Merlin's mighty line,
Extremes of nature reconciled,
Bereaved a tyrant of his will,
And made the lion mild.
Songs can the tempest still,
Scattered on the stormy air,
Mould the year to fair increase,
And bring in poetic peace.

He shall not seek to weave,
In weak unhappy times,
Efficacious rhymes ;
Wait his returning strength ;

Bird, that from the nadir's floor,
To the zenith's top could soar,
The soaring orbit of the muse exceeds that journey's length !

Nor, profane, affect to hit
Or compass that by meddling wit,
Which only the propitious mind
Publishes when 'tis inclined.
There are open hours
When the god's will sallies free,
And the dull idiot might see
The flowing fortunes of a thousand years ;
Sudden, at unawares,
Self-moved fly-to the doors,
Nor sword of angels could reveal
What they conceal.

MERLIN.



II.

THE rhyme of the poet
Modulates the king's affairs,
Balance-loving nature
Made all things in pairs.
To every foot its antipode,
Each colour with its counter glowed,
To every tone beat answering tones,
Higher or graver ;
Flavour gladly blends with flavour ;
Leaf answers leaf upon the bough,
And match the paired cotyledons.
Hands to hands, and feet to feet
In one body grooms and brides ;
Eldest rite, two married sides
In every mortal meet.
Light's far furnace shines,
Smelting balls and bars,

Forging double stars,
Glittering twins and trines.
The animals are sick with love,
Lovesick with rhyme ;
Each with all propitious Time
Into chorus wove.

Like the dancers' ordered band,
Thoughts come also hand in hand,
In equal couples mated,
Or else alternated,
Adding by their mutual gage
One to other health and age.
Solitary fancies go
Short-lived wandering to and fro,
Most like to bachelors,
Or an ungiven maid,
Not ancestors,
With no posterity to make the lie afraid,
Or keep truth undecayed.

Perfect paired as eagle's wings,
Justice is the rhyme of things ;
Trade and counting use
The self-same tuneful muse ;
And Nemesis,

Who with even matches odd,
Who athwart space redresses
The partial wrong,
Fills the just period,
And finishes the song.

Subtle rhymes with ruin rife
Murmur in the house of life,
Sung by the Sisters as they spin ;
In perfect time and measure, they
Build and unbuild our echoing clay,
As the two twilights of the day
Fold us music-drunken in.

BACCHUS.

BRING me wine, but wine which never grew
In the belly of the grape,
Or grew on vine whose taproots reaching through
Under the Andes to the Cape,
Suffered no savour of the world to 'scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute
From a nocturnal root
Which feels the acrid juice
Of Styx and Erebus,
And turns the wo of night,
By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread,
We buy diluted wine;
Give me of the true,
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled
Among the silver hills of heaven,
Draw everlasting dew ;
Wine of wine,
Blood of the world,
Form of forms and mould of statures,
That I, intoxicated,
And by the draught assimilated,
May float at pleasure through all natures,
The bird-language rightly spell,
And that which roses say so well.

Wine that is shed
Like the torrents of the sun
Up the horizon walls ;

Or like the Atlantic streams which run
When the South Sea calls.

Water and bread ;
Food which needs no transmuting,
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited ;
Wine which is already man,
Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which music is ;
Music and wine are one ;
That I, drinking this,
Shall hear far chaos talk with me,
Kings unborn shall walk with me,
And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is man :
Quickened so, will I unlock
Every crypt of every rock.

I thank the joyful juice
For all I know ;
Winds of remembering
Of the ancient being blow,
And seeming-solid walls of use
Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus, the remembering wine ;
Retrieve the loss of me and mine ;
Vine for vine be antidote,
And the grape requite the lote.
Haste to cure the old despair,
Reason in nature's lotus drenched,
The memory of ages quenched ;—
Give them again to shine.
Let wine repair what this undid,
And where the infection slid,
A dazzling memory revive.
Refresh the faded tints,
Recut the aged prints,
And write my old adventures, with the pen
Which, on the first day, drew
Upon the tablets blue
The dancing Pleiads, and the eternal men.

LOSS AND GAIN.

VIRTUE runs before the muse
And defies her skill,
She is rapt, and doth refuse
To wait a painter's will.

Star-adoring, occupied,
Virtue cannot bend her,
Just to please a poet's pride,
To parade her splendour.

The bard must be with good intent
No more his, but hers,
Throw away his pen and paint,
Kneel with worshippers.

Then, perchance, a sunny ray
From the heaven of fire,
His lost tools may over-pay,
And better his desire.

MEROPS.

WHAT care I, so they stand the same,—
Things of the heavenly mind,—
How long the power to give them fame
Tarryes yet behind ?

Thus far to-day your favours reach,
O fair, appeasing Presences !
Ye taught my lips a single speech,
And a thousand silences.

Space grants beyond his fated road
No inch to the god of day,
And copious language still bestowed
One word, no more, to say.

THE HOUSE.

THERE is no architect
Can build as the muse can ;
She is skilful to select
Materials for her plan ;

Slow and warily to choose
Rafters of immortal pine,
Or cedar incorruptible,
Worthy her design.

She threads dark Alpine forests,
Or valleys by the sea,
In many lands, with painful steps,
Ere she can find a tree.

She ransacks mines and ledges,
And quarries every rock,
To hew the famous adamant,
For each eternal block.

She lays her beams in music,
In music every one,
To the cadence of the whirling world
Which dances round the sun.

That so they shall not be displaced
By lapses or by wars,
But for the love of happy souls
Outlive the newest stars.

SAADI.

TREES in groves,
Kine in droves,
In ocean sport the scaly herds,
Wedge-like cleave the air the birds,
To northern lakes fly wind-borne ducks,
Browse the mountain sheep in flocks,
Men consort in camp and town,
But the poet dwells alone.

God who gave to him the lyre,
Of all mortals the desire,
For all breathing men's behoof,
Straitly charged him, ' Sit aloof ;'
Annexed a warning, poets say,
To the bright premium,—
Ever when twain together play,
Shall the harp be dumb.
Many may come,
But one shall sing ;
Two touch the string,
The harp is dumb.
Though there come a million
Wise Saadi dwells alone.

Yet Saadi loved the race of men,—
No churl immured in cave or den,—
In bower and hall
He wants them all,
Nor can dispense
With Persia for his audience ;
They must give ear,
Grow red with joy, and white with fear,
Yet he has no companion,
Come ten, or come a million,
Good Saadi dwells alone.

Be thou ware where Saadi dwells.
Gladly round that golden lamp
Sylvan deities encamp,
And simple maids and noble youth
Are welcome to the man of truth.
Most welcome they who need him most,
They feed the spring which they exhaust :
For greater need.
Draws better deed :
But, critic, spare thy vanity,
Nor show thy pompous parts,
To vex with odious subtlety
The cheerer of men's hearts.

Sad-eyed Fakirs swiftly say
Endless dirges to decay ;
Never in the blaze of light
Lose the shudder of midnight ;
And at overflowing noon,
Hear wolves barking at the moon ;
In the bower of dalliance sweet
Hear the far Avenger's feet ;
And shake before those awful Powers
Who in their pride forgive not ours.
Thus the sad-eyed Fakirs preach ;
' Bard, when thee would Allah teach,

And lift thee to his holy mount,
He sends thee from his bitter fount,
Wormwood; saying, Go thy ways,
Drink not the Malaga of praise,
But do the deed thy fellows hate,
And compromise thy peaceful state.
Smite the white breasts which thee fed,
Stuff sharp thorns beneath the head
Of them thou shouldst have comforted.
For out of wo and out of crime
Draws the heart a lore sublime.
And yet it seemeth not to me
That the high gods love tragedy;
For Saadi sat in the sun,
And thanks was his contrition;
For haircloth and for bloody whips,
Had active hands and smiling lips;
And yet his runes he rightly read,
And to his folk his message sped.
Sunshine in his heart transferred
Lighted each transparent word;
And well could honouring Persia learn
What Saadi wished to say;
For Saadi's nightly stars did burn
Brighter than Dschami's day.

Whispered the muse in Saadi's cot ;
O gentle Saadi, listen not,
Tempted by thy praise of wit,
Or by thirst and appetite
For the talents not thine own,
To sons of contradiction.
Never, sun of eastern morning,
Follow falsehood, follow scorning,
Denounce who will, who will, deny,
And pile the hills to scale the sky ;
Let theist, atheist, pantheist,
Define and wrangle how they list,—
Fierce conserver, fierce destroyer,
But thou joy-giver and enjoyer,
Unknowing war, unknowing crime,
Gentle Saadi, mind thy rhyme.
Heed not what the brawlers say,
Heed thou only Saadi's lay.

Let the great world bustle on
With war and trade, with camp and town.
A thousand men shall dig and eat,
At forge and furnace thousands sweat,
And thousands sail the purple sea,
And give or take the stroke of war,
Or crowd the market and bazaar.

Oft shall war end, and peace return,
And cities rise where cities burn,
Ere one man my hill shall climb,
Who can turn the golden rhyme ;
Let them manage how they may,
Heed thou only Saadi's lay.
Seek the living among the dead :
Man in man is imprisoned.
Barefooted Dervish is not poor,
If fate unlock his bosom's door.
So that what his eye hath seen
His tongue can paint, as bright, as keen,
And what his tender heart hath felt,
With equal fire thy heart shall melt.
For, whom the muses shine upon,
And touch with soft persuasion,
His words like a storm-wind can bring
Terror and beauty on their wing ;
In his every syllable
Lurketh nature veritable ;
And though he speak in midnight dark,
In heaven, no star ; on earth, no spark ;
Yet before the listener's eye
Swims the world in ecstasy,
The forest waves, the morning breaks,
The pastures sleep, ripple the lakes,

Leaves twinkle, flowers like persons be,
And life pulsates in rock or tree.
Saadi ! so far thy words shall reach ;
Suns rise and set in Saadi's speech.

And thus to Saadi said the muse ;
Eat thou the bread which men refuse ;
Flee from the goods which from thee flee ;
Seek nothing ; Fortune seeketh thee.
Nor mount, nor dive ; all good things keep
The midway of the eternal deep ;
Wish not to fill the isles with eyes
To fetch thee birds of paradise ;
On thine orchard's edge belong
All the brass of plume and song ;
Wise Ali's sunbright sayings pass
For proverbs in the market-place ;
Through mountains bored by regal art
Toil whistles as he drives his cart.
Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
A poet or a friend to find ;
Behold, he watches at the door,
Behold his shadow on the floor.
Open innumerable doors,
The heaven where unveiled Allah pours
The flood of truth, the flood of good,

The seraph's and the cherub's food ;
Those doors are men ; the pariah kind
Admits thee to the perfect Mind.
Seek not beyond thy cottage wall
Redeemer that can yield thee all.
While thou sittest at thy door,
On the desert's yellow floor,
Listening to the gray-haired crones,
Foolish gossips, ancient drones,—
Saadi, see, they rise in stature
To the height of mighty nature,
And the secret stands revealed
Fraudulent Time in vain concealed,
That blessed gods in servile masks
Plied for thee thy household tasks.

HOLIDAYS.

FROM fall to spring the russet acorn,
Fruit beloved of maid and boy,
Lent itself beneath the forest
To be the children's toy.

Pluck it now ; in vain : thou canst not,
Its root has pierced yon shady mound,
Toy no longer, it has duties ;
It is anchored in the ground.

Year by year the rose-lipped maiden,
Play-fellow of young and old,
Was frolic sunshine, dear to all men,
More dear to one than mines of gold.

Whither went the lovely hoyden ?—
Disappeared in blessed wife,
Servant to a wooden cradle,
Living in a baby's life.

Still thou playest ;—short vacation
Fate grants each to stand aside ;
Now must thou be man and artist ;
'Tis the turning of the tide.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

THE sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
Because she still is naked, being drest ;
The godlike sculptor will not so deform
Beauty, which bones and flesh enough invest.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

[The Poems of Hafiz are held by the Persians to be mystical and allegorical. The following ode, notwithstanding its anacreontic style, is regarded by his German editor, Von Hammer, as one of those which earned for Hafiz among his countrymen the title of 'Tongue of the Secret.']

BUTLER, fetch the ruby wine,
Which with sudden greatness fills us ;
Pour for me who in my spirit
Fail in courage and performance ;
Bring the philosophic stone,
Karun's treasure, Noah's life ;
Haste, that by thy means I open
All the doors of luck and life.
Bring me, boy, the fire-water
Zoroaster sought in dust.
To Hafiz revelling 'tis allowed
To pray to Matter and to Fire.
Bring the wine of Jamschid's glass

That shone, ere time was, in the Néant.
Give it me, that through its virtue
I, as Jamschid, see through worlds.
Wisely said the Kaiser Jamschid,
This world's not worth a barleycorn.
Bring me, boy, the nectar cup,
Since it leads to Paradise.
Flute and lyre lordly speak,
Lees of wine outvalue crowns.
Hither bring the veiled beauty
Who in ill-famed houses sits :
Lead her forth : my honest name
Freely barter I for wine.
Bring me, boy, the fire-water,
Drinks the lion—the woods burn.
Give it me, that I storm heaven,
Tear the net from the arch-wolf.
Wine, wherewith the Houris teach
Angels the ways of Paradise.
On the glowing coals I'll set it,
And therewith my brain perfume.
Bring me wine, through whose effulgence
Jam and Chosroes yielded light :
Wine, that to the flute I sing
Where is Jam, and where is Kauss.
Bring the blessing of old times ;

Bless the old departed Shahs ;
Bring it me, the Shah of hearts.
Bring me wine to wash me clean,
Of the weather-stains of care,
See the countenance of luck.
While I dwell in spirit-gardens,
Wherefore sit I shackled here ?
Lo, this mirror shows me all.
Drunk, I speak of purity,
Beggar, I of lordship speak.
When Hafiz in his revel sings,
Shouteth Sohra in her sphere.

Fear the changes of a day :
Bring wine which increases life,
Since the world is all untrue,
Let the trumpets thee remind
How the crown of Kobad vanished.
Be not certain of the world ;
'Twill not spare to shed thy blood.
Desperate of the world's affair,
Came I running to the wine-house.
Give me wine which maketh glad,
That I may my steed bestride,
Through the course career with Rustem,
Gallop to my heart's content.

Give me, boy, the ruby cup
Which unlocks the heart with wine,
That I reason quite renounce,
And plant banners on the worlds.
Let us make our glasses kiss,
Let us quench the sorrow-cinders :
To-day let us drink together.
Whoso has a banquet dressed,
Is with glad mind satisfied,
Scaping from the snares of Dews.

Alas for youth ! 'tis gone in wind,—
Happy he who spent it well.
Give me wine, that I o'erleap
Both worlds at a single spring,
Stole at dawn from glowing spheres
Call of Houris to mine ear ;
' O happy bird ! delicious soul !
' Spread thy pinion, break the cage ;
' Sit on the roof of the seven domes,
' Where the spirit takes repose.'

In the time of Bisurdschimihr,
Menutscheher's beauty shined,
On the beaker of Nushirvan,
Wrote they once in elder times,

‘Hear the Counsel, learn from us
‘Sample of the course of things ;
‘Earth, it is a place of sorrow,
‘Scanty joys are here below,
‘Who has nothing, has no sorrow.’

Where is Jam, and where his cup ?
Solomon, and his mirror where ?
Which of the wise masters knows
What time Kauss and Jam existed ?
When those heroes left this world,
Left they nothing but their names.
Bind thy heart not to the earth,
When thou goest, come not back.
Fools squander on the world their hearts.
League with it, is feud with heaven ;
Never gives it what thou wishest.

A cup of wine imparts the sight
Of the five heaven-domes with nine steps :
Whoso can himself renounce,
Without support shall walk thereon.
Who discreet is, is not wise.
Give me, boy, the Kaiser cup,
Which rejoices heart and soul ;
Under type of wine and cup

Signify we purest love.
Youth like lightning disappears,
Life goes by us as the wind :
Leave the dwelling with six doors,
And the serpent with nine heads ;
Life and silver spend thou freely,
If thou honourest the soul.
Haste into the other life ;
All is nought save God alone.
Give me, boy, this toy of dæmons.
When the cup of Jam was lost,
Him availed the world no more.
Fetch the wine-glass made of ice,
Wake the torpid heart with wine.
Every clod of loam below us
Is a skull of Alexander ;
Oceans are the blood of princes ;
Desert sands the dust of beauties.
More than one Darius was there
Who the whole world overcame ;
But since these gave up the ghost,
Thinkest thou they never were ?
Boy, go from me to the Shah,
Say to him ; Shah crowned as Jam,
Win thou first the poor man's heart,
Then the glass ; so know the world.

Empty sorrows from the earth
Canst thou drive away with wine.
Now in thy throne's recent beauty,
In the flowing tide of power,
Moon of fortune, mighty king,
Whose tiara sheddeth lustre,
Peace secure to fish and fowl,
Heart and eye-sparkle to saints ;
Shoreless is the sea of praise,—
I content me with a prayer.
From Nisami's poet-works,
Highest ornament of speech,
Here a verse will I recite,
Verse as beautiful as pearls.
' More kingdoms wait thy diadem,
' Than are known to thee by name ;
' May the sovran destiny
' Grant a victory every morn !'

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

Of Paradise, O hermit wise,
Let us renounce the thought.
Of old therein our names of sin
Allah recorded not.

Who dear to God on earthly sod
No corn-grain plants,
The same is glad that life is had,
Though corn he wants.

Thy mind the mosque and cool kiosk,
Spare fast, and orisons ;
Mine me allows the drinking-house,
And sweet chase of the nuns.

O just fakeer, with brow austere,
Forbid me not the vine ;
On the first day, poor Hafiz clay
Was kneaded up with wine.

He is no dervise, Heaven slights his service,
Who shall refuse
There in the banquet, to pawn his blanket
For Schiraz's juice.

Who his friend's shirt, or hem of his shirt,
Shall spare to pledge,
To him Eden's bliss and Angel's kiss
Shall want their edge.

Up, Hafiz ; grace from high God's face
Beams on thee pure ;
Shy then not hell, and trust thou well,
Heaven is secure.

XENOPHANES.

By fate, not option, frugal nature gave
One scent to hyson and to wallflower,
One sound to pine-groves and to waterfalls,
One aspect to the desert and the lake,
It was her stern necessity. All things
Are of one pattern made ; bird, beast, and plant,
Song, picture, form, space, thought, and character,
Deceive us, seeming to be many things,
And are but one. Beheld far off, they part
As God and Devil ; bring them to the mind,
They dull its edge with their monotony.
To know the old element explore a new,
And in the second reappears the first.
The specious panorama of a year
But multiplies the image of a day,
A belt of mirrors round a taper's flame,
And universal nature through her vast
And crowded whole, an infinite paroquet,
Repeats one cricket note.

THE DAY'S RATION.

WHEN I was born,
From all the seas of strength Fate filled a chalice,
Saying, This be thy portion, child ; this chalice,
Less than a lily's, thou shalt daily draw
From my great arteries ; nor less, nor more.
All substances the cunning chemist Time
Melts down into that liquor of my life,
Friends, foes, joys, fortunes, beauty, and disgust,
And whether I am angry or content,
Indebted or insulted, loved or hurt,
All he distils into sidereal wine,
And brims my little cup ; heedless, alas !
Of all he sheds how little it will hold,
How much runs over on the desert sands.
If a new muse draw me with splendid ray,
And I uplift myself into her heaven,
The needs of the first sight absorb my blood,
And all the following hours of the day

Drag a ridiculous age.

To-day, when friends approach, and every hour

Brings book or starbright scroll of genius,

The tiny cup will hold not a bead more,

And all the costly liquor runs to waste,

Nor gives the jealous time one diamond drop

So to be husbanded for poorer days.

Why need I volumes, if one word suffice ?

Why need I galleries, when a pupil's draught

After the master's sketch, fills and o'erfills

My apprehension ? Why should I roam,

Who cannot circumnavigate the sea

Of thoughts and things at home, but still adjourn

The nearest matters to another moon ?

Why see new men

Who have not understood the old ?

BLIGHT.

GIVE me truths,
For I am weary of the surfaces,
And die of inanition. If I knew
Only the herbs and simples of the wood,
Rue, cinquefoil, gill, vervain, and pimpernel,
Blue-vetch, and trillium, hawkweed, sassafras,
Milkweeds, and murky brakes, quaint pipes and sundew,
And rare and virtuous roots, which in these woods
Draw untold juices from the common earth,
Untold, unknown, and I could surely spell
Their fragrance, and their chemistry apply
By sweet affinities to human flesh,
Driving the foe and stablishing the friend,—
O that were much, and I could be a part
Of the round day, related to the sun,
And planted world, and full executor
Of their imperfect functions.
But these young scholars who invade our hills,

Bold as the engineer who fells the wood,
And travelling often in the cut he makes,
Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,
And all their botany is Latin names.
The old men studied magic in the flower,
And human fortunes in astronomy,
And an omnipotence in chemistry,
Preferring things to names, for these were men,
Were unitarians of the united world,
And wheresoever their clear eyebeams fell,
They caught the footsteps of the SAME. Our eyes
Are armed, but we are strangers to the stars,
And strangers to the mystic beast and bird,
And strangers to the plant and to the mine ;
The injured elements say, Not in us ;
And night and day, ocean and continent,
Fire, plant, and mineral say, Not in us,
And haughtily return us stare for stare.
For we invade them impiously for gain,
We devastate them unreligiously,
And coldly ask their pottage, not their love,
Therefore they shove us from them, yield to us
Only what to our griping toil is due ;
But the sweet affluence of love and song,
The rich results of the divine consents
Of man and earth, of world beloved and lover,

The nectar and ambrosia are withheld ;
And in the midst of spoils and slaves, we thieves
And pirates of the universe, shut out
Daily to a more thin and outward rind,
Turn pale and starve. Therefore to our sick eyes,
The stunted trees look sick, the summer short,
Clouds shade the sun, which will not tan our hay.
And nothing thrives to reach its natural term,
And life, shorn of its venerable length,
Even at its greatest space, is a defeat,
And dies in anger that it was a dupe,
And, in its highest noon and wantonness,
Is early frugal like a beggar's child :
With most unhandsome calculation taught,
Even in the hot pursuit of the best aims
And prizes of ambition, checks its hand,
Like Alpine cataracts, frozen as they leaped,
Chilled with a miserly comparison
Of the toy's purchase with the length of life.

MUSKETAQUID.

BECAUSE I was content with these poor fields,
Low open meads, slender and sluggish streams,
And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
And granted me the freedom of their state,
And in their secret senate have prevailed
With the dear dangerous lords that rule our life,
Made moon and planets parties to their bond,
And pitying through my solitary wont
Shot million rays of thought and tenderness.

For me in showers, in sweeping showers, the spring
Visits the valley :—break away the clouds,
I bathe in the morn's soft and silvered air,
And loiter willing by yon loitering stream.
Sparrows far off, and, nearer, yonder bird
Blue-coated, flying before, from tree to tree,
Courageous sing a delicate overture,

To lead the tardy concert of the year.
Onward, and nearer draws the sun of May,
And wide around the marriage of the plants
Is sweetly solemnized ; then flows amain
The surge of summer's beauty ; dell and crag,
Hollow and lake, hill side, and pine arcade,
Are touched with genius. Yonder ragged cliff
Has thousand faces in a thousand hours.

Here friendly landlords, men ineloquent,
Inhabit, and subdue the spacious farms.
Traveller ! to thee, perchance, a tedious road,
Or soon forgotten picture,—to these men
The landscape is an armoury of powers,
Which, one by one, they know to draw and use.
They harness beast, bird, insect, to their work ;
They prove the virtues of each bed of rock,
And, like a chemist 'mid his loaded jars,
Draw from each stratum its adapted use,
To drug their crops, or weapon their arts withal.
They turn the frost upon their chemic heap ;
They set the wind to winnow vetch and grain ;
They thank the spring-flood for its fertile slime ;
And, on cheap summit-levels of the snow,
Slide with the sledge to inaccessible woods,
O'er meadows bottomless. So, year by year,

They fight the elements with elements,
(That one would say, meadow and forest walked
Upright in human shape to rule their like.)
And by the order in the field disclose,
The order regnant in the yeoman's brain.

What these strong masters wrote at large in miles,
I followed in small copy in my acre :
For there's no rood has not a star above it ;
The cordial quality of pear or plum
Ascends as gladly in a single tree,
As in broad orchards resonant with bees ;
And every atom poises for itself,
And for the whole. The gentle Mother of all
Showed me the lore of colours and of sounds ;
The innumerable tenements of beauty ;
The miracle of generative force ;
Far-reaching concords of astronomy
Felt in the plants and in the punctual birds ;
Mainly, the linked purpose of the whole ;
And, chiefest prize, found I true liberty,
The home of homes plain dealing Nature gave.

The polite found me impolite ; the great
Would mortify me, but in vain :
I am a willow of the wilderness,

Loving the wind that bent me. All my hurts
My garden-spade can heal. A woodland walk,
A wild rose, or rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds, and leave no cicatrice.
For thus the wood-gods murmured in my ear,
Dost love our manners? Canst thou silent lie?
Canst thou, thy pride forgot, like nature pass
Into the winter night's extinguished mood?
Canst thou shine now, then darkle,
And being latent, feel thyself no less?
As when the all-worshipped moon attracts the eye,
The river, hill, stems, foliage, are obscure,
Yet envies none, none are unenviable.

DIRGE.

KNOWS he who tills this lonely field
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn ?

In the long sunny afternoon,
The plain was full of ghosts,
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers long ago,
Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone,—the holy ones,
Who trod with me this lonely vale,
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,
Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learned with me the lore of time,
Who loved this dwelling-place.

They took this valley for their toy
They played with it in every mood,
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy,
They treated nature as they would.

They coloured the horizon round,
Stars flamed and faded as they bade,
All echoes hearkened for their sound,
They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf
Which once our childhood knew,
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine warbler
Singing aloft in the tree;
Hearest thou, O traveller !
What he singeth to me ?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
The heavy dirge divine.

Go, lonely man, it saith,
They loved thee from their birth,
Their hands were pure, and pure their faith,
There are no such hearts on earth.

Ye drew one mother's milk,
One chamber held ye all ;
A very tender history
Did in your childhood fall.

Ye cannot unlock your heart,
The key is gone with them ;
The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem.

THRENODY.

THE south-wind brings
Life, sunshine, and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire,
But over the dead he has no power,
The lost, the lost he cannot restore,
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house,
I see my trees repair their boughs,
And he,—the wondrous child,
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round,
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break, and April bloom,
The gracious boy, who did adorn

The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favour of the loving Day,
Has disappeared from the Day's eye ;
Far and wide she cannot find him,
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.
Returned this day the south-wind searches
And finds young pines and budding birches,
But finds not the budding man ;
Nature who lost him, cannot remake him ;
Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him ;
Nature, Fate, men, him seek in vain.

And whither now, my truant wise and sweet,
O whither tend thy feet ?
I had the right, few days ago,
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know ;
How have I forfeited the right ?
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight ?
I hearken for thy household cheer,
O eloquent child !
Whose voice, an equal messenger,
Conveyed thy meaning mild.
What though the pains and joys
Whereof it spoke were toys
Fitting his age and ken ;—

Yet fairest dames and bearded men,
Who heard the sweet request
So gentle, wise, and grave,
Bended with joy to his behest,
And let the world's affairs go by,
Awhile to share his cordial game,
Or mend his wicker wagon frame,
Still plotting how their hungry ear
That winsome voice again might hear,
For his lips could well pronounce
Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene
His early hope, his liberal mien,
Took counsel from his guiding eyes
To make this wisdom earthly wise.
Ah ! vainly do these eyes recall
The school-march, each day's festival,
When every morn my bosom glowed
To watch the convoy on the road ;—
The babe in willow wagon closed,
With rolling eyes and face composed,
With children forward and behind,
Like Cupids studiously inclined,
And he, the Chieftain, paced beside,
The centre of the troop allied,

With sunny face of sweet repose,
To guard the babe from fancied foes.
The little Captain innocent
Took the eye with him as he went,
Each village senior paused to scan
And speak the lovely caravan.

From the window I look out
To mark thy beautiful parade
Stately marching in cap and coat
To some tune by fairies played;
A music heard by thee alone
To works as noble led thee on.
Now love and pride, alas, in vain,
Up and down their glances strain.
The painted sled stands where it stood,
The kennel by the corded wood,
The gathered sticks to staunch the wall
Of the snow-tower, when snow should fall,
The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
And childhood's castles built or planned.
His daily haunts I well discern,
The poultry yard, the shed, the barn,
And every inch of garden ground
Paced by the blessed feet around,
From the road side to the brook,

Whereinto he loved to look.
Step the meek birds where erst they ranged,
The wintry garden lies unchanged,
The brook into the stream runs on,
But the deep-eyed Boy is gone.

On that shaded day,
Dark with more clouds than tempests are,
When thou didst yield thy innocent breath
In bird-like heavings unto death,
Night came, and Nature had not thee,—
I said, we are mates in misery.
The morrow dawned with needless glow,
Each snow-bird chirped, each fowl must crow,
Each tramper started,—but the feet
Of the most beautiful and sweet
Of human youth had left the hill
And garden,—they were bound and still.
There's not a sparrow or a wren,
There's not a blade of autumn grain,
Which the four seasons do not tend,
And tides of life and increase lend,
And every chick of every bird,
And weed and rock-moss is preferred.
O ostriches' forgetfulness !
O loss of larger in the less !

Was there no star that could be sent,
No watcher in the firmament,
No angel from the countless host,
That loiters round the crystal coast,
Could stoop to heal that only child,
Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
And keep the blossom of the earth,
Which all her harvests were not worth ?
Not mine, I never called thee mine,
But nature's heir,—if I repine,
And, seeing rashly torn and moved,
Not what I made, but what I loved.
Grow early old with grief that then
Must to the wastes of nature go,—
'Tis because a general hope
Was quenched, and all must doubt and grope.
For flattering planets seemed to say,
This child should ill of ages stay,—
By wondrous tongue and guided pen
Bring the flown muses back to men.—
Perchance, not he, but nature ailed,
The world, and not the infant failed,
It was not ripe yet, to sustain
A genius of so fine a strain,
Who gazed upon the sun and moon
As if he came unto his own,

And pregnant with his grander thought,
Brought the old order into doubt.
Awhile his beauty their beauty tried,
They could not feed him, and he died,
And wandered backward as in scorn
To wait an Æon to be born.
Ill day which made this beauty waste ;
Plight broken, this high face defaced !
Some went and came about the dead,
And some in books of solace read,
Some to their friends the tidings say,
Some went to write, some went to pray,
One tarried here, there hurried one,
But their heart abode with none.
Covetous death bereaved us all
To aggrandize one funeral.
The eager Fate which carried thee
Took the largest part of me.
For this losing is true dying,
This is lordly man's down-lying,
This is slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.

O child of Paradise !
Boy who made dear his father's home
In whose deep eyes

Men read the welfare of the times to come ;
I am too much bereft ;
The world dishonoured thou hast left ;
O truths and natures costly lie ;
O trusted, broken prophecy !
O richest fortune sourly crossed ;
Born for the future, to the future lost !

The deep Heart answered, Weepst thou ?
Worthier cause for passion wild,
If I had not taken the child.
And deemest thou as those who pore
With aged eyes short way before ?
Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast
Of matter, and thy darling lost ?
Taught he not thee,—the man of eld,
Whose eyes within his eyes beheld
Heaven's numerous hierarchy span
The mystic gulf from God to man ?
To be alone, wilt thou begin,
When worlds of lovers hem thee in ?
To-morrow, when the masks shall fall
That dizen nature's carnival,
The pure shall see, by their own will,
Which overflowing love shall fill,—

'Tis not within the force of Fate
The fate-conjoined to separate.
But thou, my votary, weepest thou?
I gave thee sight, where is it now?
I taught thy heart beyond the reach
Of ritual, bible, or of speech ;
Wrote in thy mind's transparent table
As far as the incommunicable ;
Taught thee each private sign to raise
Lit by the supersolar blaze.
Past utterance and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief,
The mysteries of nature's heart,—
And though no muse can these impart,
Throb thine with nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.

I came to thee as to a friend,
Dearest, to thee I did not send
Tutors, but a joyful eye,
Innocence that matched the sky,
Lovely locks a form of wonder,
Laughter rich as woodland thunder ;
That thou might'st entertain apart
The richest flowering of all art ;

And, as the great all-loving Day
Through smallest chambers takes its way,
That thou might'st break thy daily bread
With Prophet, Saviour, and head ;
That thou might'st cherish for thine own
The riches of sweet Mary's Son,
Boy-Rabbi, Israel's Paragon :
And thoughtest thou such guest
Would in thy hall take up his rest ?
Would rushing life forget its laws,
Fate's glowing revolution pause ?
High omens ask diviner guess,
Not to be conned to tediousness.
And know, my higher gifts unbind
The zone that girds the incarnate mind,
When the scanty shores are full
With Thought's perilous whirling pool,
When frail Nature can no more,—
Then the spirit strikes the hour,
My servant Death with solving rite
Pours finite into infinite.
Wilt thou freeze love's tidal flow,
Whose streams through nature circling go ?
Nail the star struggling to its track
On the half-climbed Zodiack ?

Light is light which radiates,
Blood is blood which circulates,
Life is life which generates,
And many-seeming life is one,—
Wilt thou transfix and make it none,
Its onward stream too starkly pent
In figure, bone, and lineament ?

Wilt thou uncalled interrogate
Talker ! the unreplying fate ?
Nor see the Genius of the whole
Ascendant in the private soul,
Beckon it when to go and come,
Self-announced its hour of doom.
Fair the soul's recess and shrine,
Magic-built, to last a season,
Masterpiece of love benign !
Fairer that expansive reason
Whose omen 'tis, and sign.
Wilt thou not ope this heart to know
What rainbows teach and sunsets show,
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthened scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of hearts that inly burned ;

Saying, *what is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent,
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.
Revere the Maker ; fetch thine eye
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold,
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass and scented weeds,
Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest pent,
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims ;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored,
Broad-sowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness,
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow ;
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found.

H Y M N.

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF CONCORD MONUMENT,
APRIL 19, 1836.

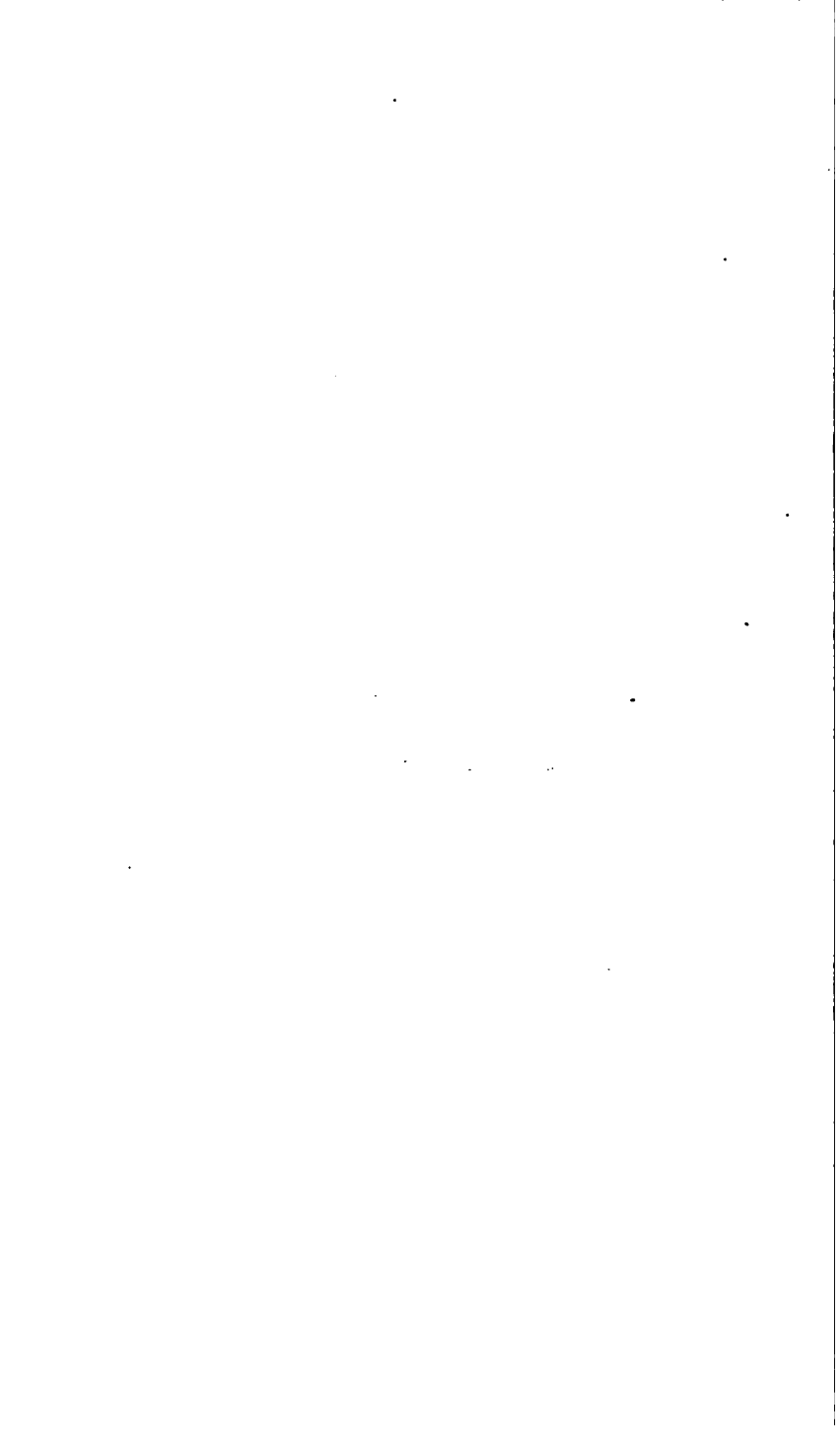
By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept,
Alike the Conqueror silent sleeps,
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When like our sires our sons are gone.

Spirit ! who made those freemen dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

MORTON AND CHAPMAN,
PRINTERS,
2, CRANE-COURT, FLEET-STREET, LONDON.



121, NEWGATE-STREET, LONDON.

January 1st, 1847.

LIST OF NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

CHAPMAN, BROTHERS,

(LATE JOHN CHAPMAN.)

Booksellers and Publishers; and Agents for the Sale of

American Publications.

. CHAPMAN, BROTHERS, receive Orders for any Books published in the United States, and purchase European Books for Exportation.

THE PROSPECTIVE REVIEW:

A Quarterly Journal of Theology and Literature.

Respite, Aspic, PROSPICE.—St. Bernard.

THE PROSPECTIVE REVIEW is devoted to a free THEOLOGY, and the moral aspects of LITERATURE. Under the conviction that lingering influences from the doctrine of verbal inspiration are not only depriving the primitive records of the Gospel of their true interpretation, but even destroying faith in Christianity itself, the Work is conducted in the confidence that only a living mind and heart, not in bondage to any letter, can receive the living *spirit* of Revelation; and in the fervent belief that for all such *there is* a true Gospel of God, which no critical or historical speculation can discredit or destroy. It aims to interpret and represent Spiritual Christianity, in its character of the Universal Religion. Fully adopting the sentiment of Coleridge, that "the exercise of the reasoning and reflective powers, increasing insight, and enlarging views, are requisite to keep alive the substantial faith of the heart,"—with a grateful appreciation of the labours of faithful predecessors of all Churches,—it esteems it the part of a true reverence not to rest in their conclusions, but to think and live in their spirit. By the name "PROSPECTIVE REVIEW," it is intended to lay no claim to Discovery, but simply to express the *desire* and the *attitude* of Progress; to suggest continually the Duty of using Past and Present as a trust for the Future; and openly to disown the idolatrous Conservatism, of whatever sect, which makes Christianity but a lifeless formula.

THE PROSPECTIVE REVIEW, No. IX.,

Will be published on the 1st of February, 1847. Price 2s. 6d.

. Works for Review to be sent to the Publishers or Editors; Advertisements in all cases to the Publishers.

The American Christian Examiner, and Religious Miscellany.

Edited by the Rev. Drs. A. LAMSON and E. S. GANNETT. A Bi-Monthly Magazine. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Art, and his relation to Calderon and

Goethe. Translated from the German of Dr. HERMANN ULRICL. 8vo. 12s. cloth.

Outline of Contents.

- I. Sketch of the History of the English Drama before Shakspeare. —R. Greene and Marlowe.
- II. Shakspeare's Life and Times.
- III. Shakspeare's Dramatic Style, and Poetic View of the World and Things.

IV. Criticism of Shakspeare's Plays.

V. Dramas ascribed to Shakspeare of doubtful Authority.

VI. Calderon and Goethe in their relation to Shakspeare.

"We welcome it as an addition to our books on the national dramatist—exhaustive, comprehensive, and philosophical after a scholastic fashion, and throwing new lights upon many things in Shakspeare."—*Spectator*.

"The work of Ullrich in the original, has held, ever since its publication, an honoured place upon our shelves. We consider it as being, when taken all in all, one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the criticism of Shakspeare. The theoretical system upon which it rests, if not altogether accurate or completely exhaustive, is, at all events, wide and searching; its manner of expression is almost everywhere clear and practical, and its critical expositions are given with equal delicacy of feeling and liveliness of fancy. Here there are treated, successively, Shakspeare's language, his mode of representing characters, and his dramatic invention.....

..... Our author has not only spoken with excellent good sense, but has placed one or two important points of Shakspeare's poetical character in a clearer light than that in which we are accustomed to regard them. Shakspeare is shown to be the historically-dramatic poet of enlightened Christianity; and the highest value of his works consists in their adequately representing, in the light of imagination, the Christian prospect of man's mysterious destiny."—*Tait's Magazine*.

"A good translation of Dr. Ullrich's work on Shakspeare cannot fail of being welcome to the English thinker. It is, in fact, a vindication of our great poet from a charge which has lately been brought against him by critics on both sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Ullrich boldly claims for him the rank of an eminently Christian author. The present work is the latest German of all

German books, and contains remarkable novelty in its views of the subject and the arrangement of its topics. The plan adopted by Dr. Ullrich of contemplating each play in the light of a central idea is especially deserving of all praise. We recommend the entire criticism to the perusal of the judicious reader."—*Athenæum*.

"We welcome this work as a valuable accession to Shaksperian literature. It is the principal object of Dr. Ullrich's criticisms of the several plays, to trace and bring to light the fundamental and vivifying idea of each. In this difficult task we think he has been eminently successful. We cannot dismiss this very valuable work, which breathes a tone of pure and exalted morality, derived from a mind truly religious, and whose holy and chastening influence expresses itself throughout, without remarking how much we admire the excellent manner in which it is translated."—*Inquirer*.

"Excellencies of a high order pervade this performance, which, in our judgment, entitle it to the grateful reception of all who are desirous of becoming better acquainted with the mind of Shakspeare. The sketch of the modern dramatic art with which the book opens, as well as of the life of Shakspeare, is well drawn; indeed, the historical sketches throughout are admirably executed. The author's views are ingenious, and the criticisms on the several dramas are admirable, and will fully repay the reader's study."—*Nonconformist*.

"Ullrich's admirable 'Shakspeare's Dramatic Art' has been lately translated with considerable skill. We recommend the work as an addition to our higher critical literature, and we should like to recur to it more fully."—*Christian Remembrancer*.

The Life of Jesus, Critically Examined.

By Dr. DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. 3 vols. 8vo. £1 16s. cloth,

"Whoever reads these volumes without any reference to the German, must

be pleased with the easy, perspicuous, idiomatic, and harmonious force of the

English style. But he will be still more satisfied when, on turning to the original, he finds that the rendering is word for word, thought for thought, and sentence for sentence. The style of Strauss, indeed, unlike that of many of the German theological writers, is, for the most part, clear, simple, and uninvolved, and in so far it is favourable to the labours of the translator. But in preparing so beautiful a rendering as the present, the difficulties can have been neither few nor small in the way of preserving, in various parts of the work, the exactness of the translation, combined with that uniform harmony and clearness of style, which impart to the volumes before us the air and spirit of an original. Though the translator never obtrudes himself upon the reader with any notes or comments of his own, yet he is evidently a man who has a familiar knowledge of the whole subject; and if the work be the joint production of several hands, moving in concert, the passages of a specially scholastic character, at least, have received their version from a discerning and well-informed theologian. A modest and kindly care for his reader's convenience has induced the translator often to supply the rendering into English of a Greek quotation, where there was no corresponding rendering into German in the original. Indeed, Strauss may well say, as he does in the notice, which he writes for this English edition, that as far as he has examined it, the translation is, "et accurata et perspicua."—*Prospective Review*.

"In regard to learning, acuteness, and sagacious conjectures, the work resembles Niebuhr's 'History of Rome.' The

general manner of treating the subject and arranging the chapters, sections, and parts of the argument, indicates consummate dialectical skill; while the style is clear, the expression direct, and the author's openness in referring to his sources of information, and stating his conclusions in all their simplicity, is candid and exemplary. . . . It not only surpasses all its predecessors of its kind in learning, acuteness, and thorough investigation, but it is marked by a serious and earnest spirit."—*Christian Examiner*.

"The position which the Historical Scriptures occupy in Strauss's system does not seem to have attracted sufficient attention among ourselves. It addresses itself, as will have been already observed, to a higher element in the mind than the common reluctance to acquiesce in supernatural narratives. . . . There is not an objection, a cavil, or rational solution which is not instantly fused and incorporated into his system."—*Christian Remembrancer*.

"A work which is acknowledged, on all sides, to be a master-piece of its kind, to evince signs of profound and varied learning, and to be written in a spirit of serious earnestness."—*Westminster Review*.

"I found in M. Strauss a young man full of candour, gentleness, and modesty—one possessed of a soul that was almost mysterious, and, as it were, saddened by the reputation he had gained. He scarcely seems to be the author of the work under consideration."—*Quinet, Revue des Mondes*.

"Strauss is too candid to be popular."—*Voices of the Church, by the Rev. J. R. Beard, D.D.*

Livermore's Commentary on the Four Gospels.

8vo. 4s. 6d. cloth.

A New Translation of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the

Canticles; with Introductions and Notes, chiefly Explanatory. By G. R. NOYES, D. D. 12mo. 8s. cloth.

De Wette's Introduction to the Canonical Scriptures of the Old

Testament. Translated by THEODORE PARKER. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 4s. cloth.

A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion.

By THEODORE PARKER. Post 8vo. 7s. cloth.

CONTENTS: -

Book 1.—Of Religion in General; or, a Discourse of the Sentiment and its Manifestations.

Book 2.—The Relation of the Religious Sentiment to God; or, a Discourse of Inspiration.

Book 3.—The Relation of the Religious Sentiment to Jesus of Nazareth; or, a Discourse of Christianity.

Book 4.—The Relation of the Religious Sentiment to the Greatest of Books; or, a Discourse of the Bible.

Book 5.—The Relation of the Religious Sentiment to the Greatest of Human Institutions; or, a Discourse of the Church.

"There is a mastery shown over every element of the Great Subject, and the slight treatment of it in parts no reader can help attributing to the plan of the work, rather than to the incapacity of the author. From the resources of a mind singularly exuberant by nature and laboriously enriched by culture, a system of results is here thrown up, and spread out in luminous exposition."—*Prospective Review*.

"Mr. Parker is no ephemeral teacher. His aspirations for the future are not less glowing than his estimate for the past. He revels in warm anticipations of the orient splendours, of which all past systems are but the precursors. His language is neither narrow nor unattractive; there is a consistency and boldness about it which will strike upon chords which, when they do vibrate, will make the ears more than tingle. We are living in an age which deals in broad and exhaustive theories; which requires a system that will account for everything, and assigns to every fact a place,

and that no forced one, in the vast economy of things. Whatever defects Mr. Parker's view may have, it meets these requisites. It is large enough, and promising enough; it is not afraid of history. It puts forth claims; it is an articulately speaking voice. It deals neither in compromise nor abatement. It demands a hearing; it speaks with authority. It has a complete and determined aspect. It is deficient neither in candour nor promises; and whatever comes forward in this way will certainly find hearers."—*Christian Remembrancer*.

"It is impossible for any one to read the writings of Theodore Parker without being strongly impressed by them. They abound in passages of fervid eloquence—eloquence as remarkable for the truth of feeling which directs it, as for the genius by which it is inspired. They are distinguished by philosophical thought and learned investigation, no less than by the sensibility to beauty and goodness which they manifest."—*Christian Reformer*.

A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England ;

Or, the Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry. By JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A. Post 8vo. 10s 6d. cloth.

"The work is written in a chastely beautiful style, manifests extensive reading and careful research; is full of thought, and decidedly original in its character. It is marked also by the modesty which usually characterises true merit."—*Inquirer*.

"Mr. Tayler is actuated by no sectarian bias, and we heartily thank him for this addition to our religious literature."—*Westminster Review*.

"It is not often our good fortune to meet with a book so well conceived, so well written, and so instructive as this. The various phases of the national mind, described with the clearness and force of Mr. Tayler, furnish an inexhaustible material for reflection. Mr. Tayler regards all parties in turn from an equitable point of view, is tolerant towards intolerance, and admires zeal and excuses

fanaticism, wherever he sees honesty. Nay, he openly asserts that the religion of mere reason is not the religion to produce a practical effect on a people; and therefore regards his own class only as one element in a *better possible church*. The clear and comprehensive grasp with which he marshals his facts, is even less admirable than the impartiality, nay, more than that, the general kindness with which he reflects upon them."—*Examiner*.

"The writer of this volume has all the calmness belonging to one who feels himself not mixed up with the struggle he describes. There is about it a tone of great moderation and candour: and we cannot but feel confident that we have here, at least, the product of a thoroughly honest mind."—*Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine*.

Human Nature :

A Philosophical Exposition of the Divine Institution of Reward and Punishment, which obtains in the Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Constitutions of Man. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

"It is refreshing to light upon a book which has so much originality of conception as this, and in which the writer is bold enough to have an opinion of his own."—*Critic*.

"The introduction is especially remarkable for its power—not only power of words, but of ideas."—*Spectator*.

"This little volume well deserves a thoughtful perusal, which it will re-

ward with much of truth and much of beauty, though not unmingled, we must think, with obscurity and error."—*Inquirer*.

"The Essay we have been reviewing, concludes in an eloquent on-looking strain of thought, which forms a fit sequel to the interesting views the author has previously developed."—*Christian Teacher*.

Channing's Works, Complete.

Edited by JOSEPH BARKER. In 6 vols. 12mo. 6s. sewed; 8s. cloth.

"Channing's function was rather that of the prophet than that of the scholar and philosopher; his scattered pieces have gone out into the world like so many oracles of religious wisdom; he uttered forth in tones of such deep conviction and thrilling persuasiveness, sentiments and aspirations which lie

folded up in every human breast,—that he has called out a wide responsive sympathy, and made thousands receive through the kindling medium of his affectionate spirit, a fresh communication of religious life."—*Retrospect of the Religious Life of England*, by John James Tayler, B.A.

Channing's Works, Complete. (Hedderwick's Edition.)

6 vols. post 8vo. reduced to £1. 1s. cloth.

Endeavours after the Christian Life.

A Volume of Discourses. By JAMES MARTINEAU. 12mo. 8s. 6d. cloth.

The Bible and the Child.

A Discourse on Religious Education. By JAMES MARTINEAU. 12mo. 1s.

Hymns for the Christian Church and Home.

Edited by JAMES MARTINEAU. Fifth Edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The Education of Taste.

A Series of Lectures. By WILLIAM MACCALL. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS :

1. Introductory. 2. The Nature of Taste. 3. The Culture of Taste. 4. Taste and Religion. 5. Taste and Morality. 6. Taste and Politics. 7. Taste and Manners. 8. Concluding Remarks.

The Agents of Civilization.

A Series of Lectures. By WILLIAM MACCALL. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

CONTENTS.

1. Introductory. 2. The Hero. 3. The Poet. 4. The Priest. 5. The Artist. 6. The Prophet. 7. The Philosopher. 8. The Apostle. 9. The Martyr. 10. Concluding Remarks.

Lectures to Young Men.

On the Cultivation of the Mind, the Formation of Character, and the Conduct of Life. By GEORGE W. BURNAP. Royal 8vo. 9d.

"This, we can foresee, is destined to become a household book, and it is a long time since we met with any work better deserving of such distinction.

We do not know of any work on the same subject of equal excellence, and those of our readers who are wise will buy and study it."—*The Apprentice*.

Lectures to Young Men.

On their Moral Dangers and Duties. By ABIEL ABBOT LIVERMORE. 12mo. cloth. price 3s.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.

By THEODORE PARKER. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

Ware's Inquiry into the Foundation, Evidences, and Truths of

Religion. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. cloth.

Ware's Life of the Saviour.

32mo. 2s. cloth.

Ware's Formation of Christian Character.

32mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

Illustrations of the Law of Kindness.

By the Rev. G. W. MONTGOMERY. 12mo; 1s.

An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity.

By CHARLES C. HENNEL. Second Edition, 8vo. 12s. cloth.

Christian Theism.

By the Author of "An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity." 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Complete Works of the Rev. Orville Dewey, D.D.

8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White.

Written by Himself. With Portions of his Correspondence. Edited by JOHN HAMILTON THOM. 3 vols. post 8vo. £1 4s. cloth.

"This is a book which rivets the attention, and makes the heart bleed. It has, indeed, with regard to himself, in its substance, though not in its arrangement, an almost dramatic character; so clearly and strongly is the living, thinking, active man projected from the face of the records which he has left.

"His spirit was a battle-field, upon which, with fluctuating fortune and singular intensity, the powers of belief and scepticism waged, from first to last, their unceasing war; and within the compass of his experience are presented to our view most of the great moral and spiritual problems that attach to the condition of our race."—*Quarterly Rev.*

"This book will improve his (Blanco White's) reputation. There is much in

the peculiar construction of his mind, in its close union of the moral with the intellectual faculties, and in its restless desire for truth, which may remind the reader of Doctor Arnold."—*Examiner.*

"There is a depth and force in this book which tells."—*Christian Remembrancer.*

"These volumes have an interest beyond the character of Blanco White. And beside the intrinsic interest of his self-portraiture, whose character is indicated in some of our extracts, the correspondence, in the letters of Lord Holland, Southey, Coleridge, Channing, Norton, Mill, Professor Powell, Dr. Hawkins, and other names of celebrity, has considerable attractions in itself, without any relation to the biographical purpose with which it was published."—*Spectator.*

The Works of Joseph Stevens Buckminster :

With Memoirs of his Life. 2 vols. Post 8vo. £1. cloth.

The Collected Works of Henry Ware, Jun., D.D.

Vols. 1 and 2, Post 8vo. price 7s. per volume, cloth.

. The works will be completed in four volumes.

A Memoir of the Life of Henry Ware, Jun.

By his Brother, JOHN WARE, M.D. With two Portraits, 2 vols., post 8vo. 10s. cloth.

"In his own country he was better understood than Channing, and it is said in this biography, not in so many words, but by implication, that his personal influence was greater; whilst, in this country, with multitudes who never saw him, and who have but a very

general knowledge of his writings, his name has long been associated with the image of whatever is pure, gentle, devoted, affectionate, constraining, and persuasive in a minister of Christ."—*Prospective Review.*

Life of Charles Follen.

By MRS. FOLLEN. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cloth.

Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Lant Carpenter, L.L.D.;

With Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by his Son, RUSSELL LANT CARPENTER, B. A. With a portrait. 8vo. 12s. cloth.

Discourses and Reviews upon Questions in Controversial

Theology and Practical Religion. By ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D. Post 8vo. 7s. cloth.

The Autobiography and Justification of J. Ronge.

Translated from the German, Fifth Edition, by J. LORD, A.M. Fcp. 8vo. 1s.

"A plain, straightforward, and manly statement of facts connected with the career of this remarkable man."—*Westminster Review*.

Luther Revived.

Or, a Short Account of Johannes Ronge, the Bold Reformer of the Catholic Church in Germany. By A. ANDRESEN. 8vo. 1s.

The German Schism and the Irish Priests.

Being a Critique of Laing's Notes on the Schism in the German-Catholic Church. By R. W. GREG. 12mo. 6d.

Selections from the Writings of Fenelon.

With a Memoir of his Life. By MRS. FOLLEN. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

Historical Sketches of the Old Painters.

By the Author of the "Log Cabin." 2s. 6d. paper cover; 3s. cloth.

The Log Cabin; or the World before You.

By the Author of "Three Experiments of Living." "Sketches of the Old Painters." &c. 1s. 6d. paper cover; 2s. cloth; 2s. 6d. extra cloth, gilt edges.

Reduced to 1s. 6d.

Stories for Sunday Afternoons.

From the Creation to the Advent of the Messiah. For the use of Children from 5 to 11 years of age. By SUSAN FANNY CROMPTON. 16mo. cloth.

"This is a very pleasing little volume, which we can confidently recommend. It is designed and admirably adapted for the use of children from five to eleven years of age. It purposes to infuse into that tender age some acquaintance with the facts, and taste for the study of the Old Testament. The style is simple, easy, and for the

most part correct. The stories are told in a spirited and graphic manner.

"Those who are engaged in teaching the young, and in laying the foundation of good character by early religious and moral impressions, will be thankful for additional resources of a kind so judicious as this volume."—*Inquirer*.

Scenes and Characters, Illustrating Christian Truth.

Edited by the Rev. H. WARE. 2 vols. 18mo. cloth. Reduced to 5s.

Matins and Vespers;

With Hymns, and Occasional Devotional Pieces. By JOHN BOWRING. Third Edition, 18mo. cloth, reduced to 2s. 6d.

"This book is a little gem in its way. Of the beautiful devotional poetry it contains we need not speak; it is familiar to the lips and to the hearts of multitudes. There is a peculiar sweet-

ness and charm in many of the pieces which compose the volume that must lead a person who has once looked into it to wish again and again to recur to it."—*Christian Examiner*.

Sketches of Married Life.

By Mrs. FOLLEN. Royal 8vo. 1s. 4d.

Christianity : the Deliverance of the Soul, and its Life.

By WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, M.A. Fcp 8vo, cloth ; 2s.,

Martyria : a Legend.

Wherein are contained Homilies, Conversations, and Incidents of the Reign of Edward the Sixth. Written by WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, Clerk. Fcp. 8vo. cloth ; 6s.

The Sick Chamber : a Manual for Nurses.

18mo. 1s. cloth.

"A small but sensible and useful treatise, which might be fittingly entitled the Sick Room Manual. It is a brief outline of the necessary cares

and precautions which the chamber of an invalid requires, but which even quick-sighted affection does not always divine."—*Atlas*.

Consolatory views of Death.

Addressed to a Friend under Bereavement. To which are added, Some Prayers in Affliction. By HENRY COLMAN. Fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

What is Religion ! The Question Stated.

By HENRY COLMAN. Fcp 8vo ; 1s. 6d. cloth.

Two Orationes against taking away Human Life, under any

Circumstances ; and in explanation and defence of the misrepresented doctrine of Non-resistance. By THOMAS COOPER, author of "The Purgatory of Suicides." Post 8vo. 1s. in paper cover.

"Mr. Cooper possesses undeniable abilities of no mean order, and moral courage beyond many.....The manliness with which he avows, and the boldness and zeal with which he urges, the doctrines of peace and love, respect for human rights, and moral power, in these lectures, are worthy of all honour."—*Nonconformist*.

"Mr. Cooper's style is intensely clear and forcible, and displays great earnestness and fine human sympathy ;

it is in the highest degree manly, plain, and vigorous."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"These two orationes are thoroughly imbued with the peace doctrines which have lately been making rapid progress in many unexpected quarters. To all who take an interest in that great movement, we would recommend this book, on account of the fervid eloquence and earnest truthfulness which pervades every line of it."—*Manchester Examiner*.

Treatise on Grammatical Punctuation.

By JOHN WILSON. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

A Kiss for a Blow.

A Collection of Stories to dissuade Children from Quarrelling. 18mo. 1s 6d. cloth.

An Offering of Sympathy to the Afflicted : especially to Parents

Bereaved of their Children. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, D.D. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Truth Seeker in Literature, Philosophy, and Religion.

Devoted to free and Catholic enquiry, and to the Transcendental and Spiritual Philosophy of the Age.

Published every alternate Month, price 8d. per Number,

Just published, 8vo, price 6d.

The Evangelical Alliance : a Letter to the Rev. Thomas Binney.

By an UNSECTARIAN CHRISTIAN.

Letters Addressed to Relatives and Friends, chiefly in reply to

Arguments in support of the doctrine of the Trinity. By MARY S. B. DANA. Post 8vo. 5s. 6d. cloth.

A Practical Treatise on Ventilation.

By MORRILL WYMAN. 12mo. (wood cuts); pp. 420. 10s. 6d. cloth.

Critical Essays.

On a few subjects connected with the History and Present Condition of Speculative Philosophy. By FRANCIS BOWEN, A.M. 12mo. cloth; pp. 352. 8s.

Domestic Worship.

By W. H. FURNESS. 12mo. cloth; 7s. 6d.

The Acts of the Apostles, with a Commentary.

By A. A. LIVERMORE. 12mo. cloth; 7s.

A New Translation of the Book of Job.

With an Introduction and Notes, chiefly Explanatory. By G. R. NOYES. 12mo. cloth; 8s.

Expository Lectures.

On the Principal Passages of the Scriptures, which relate to the Doctrine of the Trinity. By G. W. BURNAP. 12mo. cloth; 6s.

A Series of Questions, intended for the Use of Young Persons,

As a Guide to the Study of the Four Gospels, on the plan of a Harmony; adapted also for the Use of Schools. By Rev. W. FIELD. 12mo. cloth; 2s. 6d.

Memoir of Henry Augustus Ingalls.

With Selections from his Writings. By G. W. BURNAP. 12mo. cloth; 4s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Rev. Noah Worcester, D.D.

By the Rev. HENRY WARE, Jun., D.D. 12mo. cloth; 5s.

Lives of the Twelve Apostles.

To which is prefixed a Life of John the Baptist. By F. W. P. GREENWOOD. D.D. 12mo. cloth; 4s. 6d.

Sermons.

By the Rev. F. W. P. GREENWOOD, D.D. With a Portrait. 2 vols. 12mo. cloth; 16s.

The Miscellaneous Writings of F. W. P. Greenwood, D.D.

Post 8vo. cloth; 7s.

CONTENTS.

Journal kept in England in 1820-21. Essays:—The Village Graveyard—Eternity of God—Milton's Prose Works—The Sea—Female Literature—Moral Education—Religion of the Sea—Falls of the Niagara—Spirit of Reform—Study of Natural History—Duties of Winter—The Holy Land—Spring.

Translations from the German of Jean Paul, Novalis, Goethe,

UHLAND, RUCKERT, and from the French of MICKIEWICZ, an eminent Polish poet. By HENRY REEVE, Esq., and JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR. 12mo. Elegantly bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

"Of all these translations the chief praise is that they are executed with singular delicacy, taste, and power, so that they read like so many finished originals. This applies equally to the

verse, and to the prose. In the scene from Goethe's "Tasso" the verse flows melodiously, and the ideas put on a dress purely English."—*Sunday Times*.

Characteristics of Painters.

By HENRY REEVE, Esq. Second Edition. 8vo. Elegantly bound in cloth, 3s.

"Though apparently addressed to a narrow circle, these poems possess charms for all persons who happen to be endowed with fancy or sensibility. They seek to express and develop the principle which presided over the creations of the great masters of the mimetic arts, and in most instances touch with judgment and sagacity on the characteristic excellences of each painter, and felicitously describe his manner of representing nature."—*Sunday Times*.

"The associations connected with particular pictures are blended with general characteristics in such vital union in these sketches, that they affect us somewhat like the pictures themselves. As criticisms, they show a keen sensibility to excellence, and the utmost delicacy of discrimination; and as poems, they are distinguished by condensation of thought, brilliant clearness of expression, and melody of versification."—*Morning Chronicle*.

The Dramas of Iphigenia in Tauris, and Torquato Tasso, of

GOETHE; and the MAID OF ORLEANS, of SCHILLER. Translated, (omitting some passages,) with Introductory Remarks, by ANNA SWANWICK. 8vo, cloth; 6s.

"It is seldom that we meet with a translator so competent as the lady who has here rendered these selections from the two great poets of Germany into elegant and vigorous English verse. The 'Iphigenia' of Goethe has been already well done by Mr. William Taylor, of Norwich; but his version is not, by many degrees, so readable as the one before us."—*Athenæum*.

"We have to congratulate the translator on perfect success in a very difficult task."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

"The translator has gone to her beautiful task in the right spirit, adhering with fidelity to the words of the original, and evidently penetrating the mind of the poet. The translations

are very beautiful; and while they will serve to make the mere English reader acquainted with two of the most perfect works ever written, the Iphigenia and the Tasso, they will form useful assistants to those who are commencing the study of the German language."—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

"This English version presents these poems to us in a garb not unworthy of the conceptions of their authors."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"The verse is smooth and harmonious, and no one acquainted with the original can fail to be struck with its great fidelity and accuracy."—*Christian Teacher*.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

In one handsome volume, cloth gilt, price 6s.

P O E M S.

BY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

*London, 121, Newgate-street,
November 16th, 1846.*

PROPOSAL
FOR THE
PUBLICATION OF A CHEAP EDITION
OF
THE EVIDENCES
OF THE
GENUINENESS OF THE GOSPELS.

BY
ANDREWS NORTON,
PROFESSOR OF SACRED LITERATURE,
Harvard University, Massachusetts.

* * * There will be about fifty pages of new matter in the first volume, and this edition of the work will embody throughout various alterations and corrections made by the author at the present time.

THE Work consists of three Parts, as follows :—

PART I.
PROOF THAT THE GOSPELS REMAIN ESSENTIALLY THE SAME
AS THEY WERE ORIGINALLY COMPOSED.

PART II.
HISTORICAL EVIDENCE THAT THE GOSPELS HAVE BEEN
ASCRIBED TO THEIR TRUE AUTHORS.

PART III.
ON THE EVIDENCES FOR THE GENUINENESS OF THE GOSPELS
AFFORDED BY THE EARLY HERETICS.

The very copious Notes appended to each volume constitute about half the amount of the entire work.

The American Edition occupies three large 8vo volumes, comprising in the whole 1572 pages, and has been hitherto nearly inaccessible to the Biblical Student, in consequence of its extremely high price ;—it has been selling for 2*l.* 14*s.* per copy.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN, BROTHERS, propose to publish the entire work in two handsome volumes, demy 8vo, elegantly bound in cloth ; the first volume will be the same as the first volume of the original, the second one will comprise the second and third volumes of the American edition, each of which are smaller than the first.

The text of the Work will be printed in type of the same size and character as that in which the present paragraph appears, and the notes will be printed in type like the first paragraph of the quotations appended to this Prospectus.

The Work will be offered to Subscribers on the terms specified below ; and as soon as 400 copies are subscribed for, the Work will be put to press.

Price to Subscribers.

For one copy	15 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i>
For five copies	13 6 each.
For ten copies	12 6 ..

NOTICES OF THE WORK.

From the Quarterly Review, March, 1846.

“Professor Norton has devoted a whole volume full of ingenious reasoning and solid learning, to show that the Gnostic sects of the second century admitted in general the same sacred books with the orthodox Christians. However doubtful may be his complete success, he has made out a strong case, which, as far as it goes, is one of the most valuable confutations of the extreme German *χωρίζοντες*, an excellent subsidiary contribution to the proof of the ‘genuineness of the Scriptures’ * * * His work on the Genuineness of the Scriptures is of a high intellectual order.”

From the North American Review.

"This (the 2nd and 3rd volumes) is a great work upon the philosophy of the early history of our faith, and upon the relations of that faith with the religious systems and the speculative opinions which then formed the belief or engaged the attention of the whole civilized world. The subject is one of vast compass and great importance; and fortunately it has been examined with much thoroughness, caution, and independence. The conclusions arrived at are those of one who thinks for himself,—not created by early prepossessions, nor restricted within the narrow limits of opinions peculiar to any school or sect. The originality and good sense of Mr. Norton's general remarks impress the reader quite as strongly as the accuracy of his scholarship, and the wide range of learning with which the subject is illustrated. His mind is neither cumbered nor confused by the rich store of its acquisitions, but works with the greatest clearness and effect when engaged in the most discursive and far-reaching investigations.

"A great portion of the work, indeed, belongs to ecclesiastical history; but it does not deal with the men and the events of that history, it relates almost exclusively to thoughts and theories. It analyzes systems of philosophy; it examines creeds; it traces the changes and the influences of opinions. Nearly the whole of the work, as the German would say, belongs to the history of 'pure reason.' The originality of Mr. Norton's views is one of their most striking characteristics. He does not deem it necessary, as too many theologians have done, to defend the records of his faith by stratagem. The consequence is, that his work is one of the most unanswerable books that ever was written. It comes as near to demonstration as the nature of moral reasoning will admit.

"As an almost unrivalled monument of patience and industry, of ripe scholarship, thorough research, eminent ability, and conscientious devotion to the cause of truth, the work may well claim respectful consideration. The reasoning is eminently clear, simple, and direct; and not a single page contains any parade of scholarship, though the whole work is steeped in the spirit, and abounds with the results of the most profound learning. The simplicity and chasteness of the style may be deemed even excessive, and the logic is as pure, lucid, and stringent as that of the mathematician.

"The tenets of the Gnostics, when viewed in their relation to the doctrines of Christianity, and to the philosophy of the Greeks, open many curious questions respecting the phenomena of mind, and the formation of opinion, which are discussed in these volumes with great ability. There is an air of freshness and originality in these speculations which gives them a lively interest, in spite of the abstruseness of the subject.

"The whole tenor of the work bears out the presumption which immediately arises, that labour begun and prosecuted in this way could not have been sustained by selfish considerations,—that the author could not have been animated by regard for his own reputation, but must have found his only incitement and reward in the expected gain to the interests of truth."

From the Prospective Review.

"The first volume of this work was published so long ago as the year 1837. At the close of it the author announces his intention to pursue the argument, by inquiring into the evidence to be derived from the testimony of the different heretical Sects. It is to this part of the subject that the second and third volumes, now before us, are directed,—which are evidently the fruit of much labour, research, and extensive reading; and contain a variety of very curious incidental matter, highly interesting to the student of ecclesiastical history, and of the human mind.

"There are many interesting and curious discussions of an incidental nature. Among these we may particularly specify the remarks on the character of the ancient philosophy in the third volume, and a very curious note in the appendix to the same volume, on the distinctions made by the ancients between things Intelligible and things Sensible, and on the nature of Matter.

"May we be allowed, in conclusion, to express our regret that a work of so much interest and value should have been got up in so expensive a style, and consequently sold at a price which renders it almost inaccessible to many, who would be both most desirous and best qualified to derive from it the information and improvement it is so well fitted to afford."

*** In order to accelerate the publication of the work, Subscribers are requested to forward their names IMMEDIATELY to the publishers, MESSRS. CHAPMAN, BROTHERS.

The Catholic Series.

PUBLISHED BY

CHAPMAN, BROTHERS, 121, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

THE Publishers of "The Catholic Series" intend it to consist of Works of a liberal and comprehensive character, judiciously selected, embracing various departments of literature.

An attempt has been made by the Church of Rome to realize the idea of Catholicism—at least *in form*—and with but a partial success; an attempt will now be made to restore the word *Catholic* to its primitive significance, in its application to this Series, and to realize the idea of Catholicism in SPIRIT.

It cannot be hoped that each volume of the Series will be essentially Catholic, and not *partial*, in its nature, for nearly all men are partial;—the many-sided and *impartial*, or truly Catholic man, has ever been the rare exception to his race. Catholicity may be expected in the *Series*, not in every volume composing it.

An endeavour will be made to present to the Public a class of books of an interesting and thoughtful nature, and the authors of those of the Series which may be of a philosophical character will probably possess little in common, except a love of intellectual freedom and a faith in human progress; they will be united by sympathy of SPIRIT, not by agreement in speculation.

The Steel Engraving of the Ideal Head, which appears on the Title-page of the latter volumes—and which will be prefixed to each succeeding volume of the Series—has been taken from De la Roche's picture of Christ. It was adopted, not *specially*, because it was intended by the artist to express his idea of Jesus Christ (for that must always be imaginary), but as an embodiment of the highest ideal of humanity, and *thus* of a likeness to Jesus Christ, as its highest historical realization.

In prefixing this Engraving to each number of the Series, it is intended—by the absence of passion, by the profound intellectual power, the beneficent and loveful nature, and the serene, spiritual beauty, always associated in our noblest conception of the character it portrays—to imply the necessity of aspiration and progress, in order to unfold and realise the nature which the artist has essayed to express in this ideal image; and thus to typify the object that will be invariably kept in view, by those whose writings may form a part of the Catholic Series, and which each volume composing it may be expected to promote.

CHARACTERIZATION OF THE CATHOLIC SERIES

BY THE PRESS.

"Too much encouragement cannot be given to enterprising publications like the present. They are directly in the teeth of popular prejudice and popular trash. They are addressed to the higher class of readers—those who think as well as read. They are works at which ordinary publishers shudder as 'unsaleable,' but which are really capable of finding a very large public."
—*Foreign Quarterly*.

"The works already published embrace a great variety of subjects, and display a great variety of talent. They are not exclusively nor even chiefly religious; and they are from the pens of German, French, American, as well as English authors. Without reference to the opinion which they contain, we may safely say that they are generally such as all men of free and philosophical minds would do well to know and ponder."—*Nonconformist*.

"This series deserves attention, both for what it has already given, and for what it promises."—*Tait's Magazine*.

"It is highly creditable to Mr. Chapman to find his name in connexion with so much well-directed enterprise in the cause of German literature and philosophy. He is the first publisher who seems to have proposed to himself the worthy object of introducing the English reader to the philosophic mind of Germany, uninfluenced by the tradesman's distrust of the marketable nature of the article. It is a very praiseworthy ambition; and we trust the public will justify his confidence. Nothing could be more unworthy than the attempt to discourage, and indeed punish, such unselfish enterprise, by attaching a bad reputation for orthodoxy to every thing connected with German philosophy and theology. This is especially unworthy in the 'student,' or the 'scholar,' to borrow Fichte's names, who should disdain to set themselves the task of exciting, by their friction, a popular prejudice and clamour on matters on which the populace are no competent judges, and have, indeed, no judgment of their own,—and who should feel, as men themselves devoted to thought, that what makes a good book is not that it should gain its reader's acquiescence, but that it should multiply his mental experience; that it should acquaint him with the ideas which philosophers and scholars, reared by a training different from their own, have laboriously reached and devoutly entertain; that, in a word, it should enlarge his materials and his sympathies as a man and a thinker."—*Prospective Review*.

The Catholic Series.

*This day is Published, in two vols., post 8vo, cloth, 12s.
extra cloth, gilt edges, 14s.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF MEN OF GENIUS;

A SERIES OF

Biographical, Historical, and Critical ESSAYS,

SELECTED, BY PERMISSION, CHIEFLY FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN
REVIEW, WITH PREFACE,

BY JOHN CHAPMAN.

CONTENTS.

ECCELSIASTICS.

Gregory VII., and his Age.
Loyola,—the Founder of the Jesuits.
Pascal, and his Writings.

POETS.

Dante	Shelley	Goethe	Milton
Petrarch	Byron	Wordsworth	Scott
The German Poets,			

(A recapitulation of Prof. G. G. Gervinus's "Geschichte der Poetischen
National-Literatur der Deutschen.")

ARTISTS.

Michael Angelo
Canova

STATESMEN.

Machiavelli
Louis IX.
Peter the Great.

"The collection before us is able and readable, with a good deal of interest in its subjects. They exhibit force, justness of remark, an acquaintance with their subject, beyond the mere book reviewed; much clear-headed painstaking in the paper itself, where the treatment requires pains, a larger and more liberal spirit than is often found

in Transatlantic literature, and sometimes a marked and forcible style."—*Spectator*.

"A work that will be right welcome to all lovers of literature, and which ought to be ordered by every book-club."—*Critic*.

"There is hardly one of these papers that has not great merit."—*Inquirer*.

THE CATHOLIC SERIES—continued.

Works already Published.

The Worship of Genius ;

Being an Examination of the Doctrine announced by D. F. Strauss, viz. "That to our Age of Religious Disorganization nothing is left but a Worship of Genius; that is, a Reverence for those great Spirits who create Epochs in the Progress of the Human Race, and in whom, taken collectively, the God-like manifests itself to us most fully," and thus having reference to the views unfolded in the work entitled, "*Heroes and Hero-worship*," by Thomas Carlyle.

AND

The Distinctive Character or Essence of Christianity :

An Essay relative to Modern Speculations and the present State of Opinion. Translated, from the German of Prof. C. Ullmann, by LUCY SANFORD. 1 vol. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. General view of the object of the work. 2. The different stages of development through which Christianity itself has passed. The same phases perceptible in the views which have been successively taken of it. 3. Christianity as Doctrine. Under this head are comprised both Supernaturalism and Naturalism. 4. Christianity as a Moral Law. The philosophy of Kant. Rationalism. 5. Christianity as the Religion of Redemption. Schleiermacher's definition. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. The peculiar significance and influence of Christ's individual character. 7. The views of Hegel and his school. 8. Christ as the exemplification of the union of the Divine and Human in one character. 9. Importance of this truth for the definition of the distinctive Character of Christianity. 10. Christianity as the Perfect Religion. 11. Inferences from the preceding. 12. Retrospect and epitome of the argument. 13. Application of the preceding to the idea of Faith. 14. Application to the Church. |
|---|--|

. The above two works are comprised in one volume, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

"There are many just and beautiful conceptions expressed and developed, and the mode of utterance and illustration is more clear and simple than that adopted often by our German brethren in treating such topics."—*Nonconformist*.

"There is in it much important and original thought. Intelligent British Christians, who are inclined to take philosophical views of the Christian faith, will find much to delight and instruct them."—*Baptist Magazine*.

The Mission of the German Catholics.

By Prof. G. G. GERVINUS, Author of the "Geschichte der Poetischen National-Literatur der Deutschen." Post 8vo. 1s. 4d.

"This work well deserves an introduction to an English public. It contains the reflections of a German philosopher on the extraordinary religious movement which is now agitating his countrymen; his anticipations, and his wishes respecting its results."—*Inquirer*.

In an article upon the Author's "History of the Poetical Literature of the Germans," the *North American*

Review says:—"He exhibits the extensive and profound erudition, the historical faculty of bringing past and remote states of society near, and projecting the present into the distance; and the philosophical insight into the distinguishing features of individuals, communities, and epochs, which so favourably characterize the recent historiography of the Germans."

The Destination of Man.

By JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE. Translated from the German, by Mrs. PERCY SINNETT. 3s. 6d. cloth.

"This is the most popular exposition of Fichte's philosophy which exists."—*Memoir of Fichte*, by W. Smith.

"The Destination of Man" is, as

Fichte truly says, intelligible to all readers who are really able to understand a book at all; and as the history of the mind in its various phases of

THE CATHOLIC SERIES—(continued.)

doubt, knowledge, and faith, it is of interest to all. Agree with Fichte, or disagree with him, you cannot help being carried along by his earnestness; you cannot help being struck with his subtlety and depth. Argument, in such a matter, we take to be wholly indifferent. A book of this stamp is sure to teach you much, because it excites thought. If it rouses you to combat his conclusions, it has done a good work; for in that very effort you are stirred to a consideration of points which have hitherto escaped your indolent acquiescence. Of the translation, we must, on the whole, speak very highly. It is accurate in the best sense."—*Foreign Quarterly*.

"The Destination of Man" is Fichte's most popular work, and is every way

remarkable. Aware that the great public was fully competent to grapple with the most arduous problems of philosophy, when lucidly stated, however it might shrink from the jargon of the schools, Fichte undertook to present his opinions in a popular form. . . . Mrs. Percy Sinnett has thoroughly mastered the meaning of her author, presents it clearly before the reader, and that without perpetually murdering our language by the introduction of barbarous neologisms."—*Atlas*.

"It appears to us the boldest and most emphatic attempt that has yet been made to explain to man his restless and unconquerable desire to win the true and the eternal."—*Sentinel*.

Charles Elwood; or, the Infidel Converted.

By O. A. BROWNSON. Post 8vo. 4s. cloth; 3s. 6d. paper cover.

"Charles Elwood is an attempt to present Christianity so that it shall satisfy the philosophic element of our nature. In this consists its peculiar merit and its distinctive characteristic. Such a book was certainly very much needed. We have no doubt that it will add many a doubter to a cheerful faith, and confirm many a feeble mind in the faith it has already professed. Mr. Brownson addresses the philosophic element, and the men in whom this element is predominant; and, of course, he presents the arguments that would be the most striking and satisfactory to this class of men. In so far as he has succeeded, he must be considered to have done a meritorious work. We think Mr. Brownson eminently qualified for this task, and that his success is complete. The work will, doubtless, be the means of giving composure and serenity to the faith of many who are as yet weak in the faith, or halting between two opinions."—*Christian Examiner*.

"In a series of chapters, Mr. Morton explains the nature of the Christian faith, and replies to the objections raised by Elwood as the discussion proceeds, and the argument we take to be conclusive, though of course every one may differ as to details. The mighty theme is handled in a most masterly style, and the reasoning may fairly be called "mathematical." There is neither rant nor cant, hypothesis or dogmatism. Christianity is proved to be a "rational religious system," and the priest is exhibited in his true character.

We can cordially recommend the volume, after a very careful perusal, to the layman who desires to think for himself, and to the clergy, as eminently calculated to enlarge their views and increase their usefulness, by showing them the difference between sectarianism and Christianity."—*Sentinel*.

"The purposes, in this stage of his progress, which Mr. Brownson has in view are, the vindication of the reality of the religious principle in the nature of man; the existence of an order of sentiments higher than the calculations of the understanding and the deductions of logic; the foundation of morals on the absolute idea of right in opposition to the popular doctrine of expediency; the exposition of a spiritual philosophy; and the connexion of Christianity with the progress of society.

"The work presents the most profound ideas in a simple and attractive form. The discussion of these principles, which in their primitive abstraction are so repulsive to most minds, is carried on, through the medium of a slight fiction, with considerable dramatic effect. We become interested in the final opinions of the subjects of the tale, as we do in the catastrophe of a romance. A slender thread of narrative is made to sustain the most weighty arguments on the philosophy of religion; but the conduct both of the story and of the discussion is managed with so much skill, that they serve to relieve and forward each other."—*Dial*.

THE CATHOLIC SERIES—(continued.)

On the Nature of the Scholar, and its Manifestations.

By JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE. Translated from the German; with a Memoir of the Author, by WILLIAM SMITH. Post 8vo. 6s. cloth.

"This work consists of two parts;—a Life of Fichte full of nobleness and instruction, of grand purpose, tender feeling, and brave effort; and a series of ten lectures on the Vocation and Functions of the Scholar.

"The memoir, the compilation of which is executed with great judgment and fidelity, is the best preparation or prelection for a full and profitable comprehension of the somewhat vague loftiness of these eloquent addresses."

—*Prospective Review*.

"The material trials that Fichte encountered in the body are lost sight of in the spiritual contest which he maintained with his own mind. The page that keeps the record of incidents is dignified throughout by the strong moral light that falls everywhere upon it, like a glory, and sweetened by a living episode that flows through its dark and bright places like a stream of music."—*Athenæum*.

"With great satisfaction we welcome this first English translation of an author who occupies the most exalted position as a profound and original thinker; as an irresistible orator in the cause of what he believed to be truth; as a thoroughly honest and heroic man. . . . The appearance of any of his works in our language is, we believe, a

perfect novelty. . . . These orations are admirably fitted for their purpose; so grand is the position taken by the lecturer, and so irresistible their eloquence. To his excellent translation Mr. Smith has prefixed a biography of Fichte, abridged, though still copious, from the one written by Fichte, junior."

—*Examiner*.

"A pure and exalted morality and deep religious feeling breathes throughout the whole. . . . The memoir prefixed to this volume, of which it fills about half, contains a concise and interesting account of Fichte's life and philosophical system."—*Irish Monthly Magazine*.

"We state Fichte's character as it is known and admitted by men of all parties among the Germans, when we say that so robust an intellect, a soul so calm, so lofty, massive, and immovable, has not mingled in philosophical discussion since the time of Luther.

. . . . Fichte's opinions may be true or false; but his character as a thinker can be slightly valued only by such as know it ill; and as a man, approved by action and suffering, in his life and in his death, he ranks with a class of men who were common only in better ages than ours."—*State of German Literature*, by Thomas Carlyle.

The Philosophical and Æsthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller.

Translated, with an Introduction, by J. WEISS. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

"These Letters stand unequalled in the department of Æsthetics, and are so esteemed even in Germany, which is so fruitful upon that topic. Schiller is Germany's best Æsthetician, and these letters contain the highest moments of Schiller. Whether we desire rigorous logical investigation or noble poetic expression, whether we wish to stimulate the intellect or inflame the heart, we need seek no further than these. They are trophies won from an unpopular, metaphysical form, by a lofty, inspiring, and absorbing subject."—*Introduction*.

"It is not possible, in a brief notice like the present, to do more than intimate the kind of excellence of a book of this nature. It is a profound and beautiful dissertation, and must be diligently studied to be comprehended. After all the innumerable efforts that the present age has been some time making to cut a Royal road to everything, it is beginning to find that what sometimes seems the longest way round is the

shortest way home; and if there be a desire to have truth, the only way is to work at the windlass one's self, and bring up the buckets by the labour of one's own good arm. Whoever works at the present well, will find ample reward for the labour they may bestow on it; the truths he will draw up are universal, and from that pure elementary fountain 'that maketh wise he that drinketh thereof.'"—*Douglas Jerrold's Magazine*.

"It is difficult, if not impossible, to give a brief, and at the same time faithful, summary of the ideas affirmed by Schiller in this volume. Its aim is to develop the ideal of humanity, and to define the successive steps which must be trodden to attain it. Its spirit aspires after human improvement, and seeks to indicate the means of realization. Schiller insists upon the necessity of æsthetic culture as preliminary to moral culture, and in order to make the latter possible. According to the

THE CATHOLIC SERIES—(continued.)

doctrine here set forth, until man is æsthetically developed, he cannot be morally free, hence not responsible, as there is no sphere for the operation of the will.

"The style in which the whole volume is written is particularly beautiful, there is a consciousness of music in every page we read; it is remarkable for the condensation of thought and firm consistency which prevails throughout; and so far as we are able to judge, the translation is admirably and faithfully rendered. The twenty-seven letters upon the 'Æsthetic Culture of Man,' form the most prominent, and by far the most valuable, portion of the work; they will be found full of interest and the choicest riches, which will abundantly repay any amount of labour bestowed upon them."—*Inquirer*.

"This is a book which demands and deserves study. Either to translate or to appreciate it requires a somewhat peculiar turn of mind. Not that any body could read it without profit, but to

gain from it all that it is capable of yielding, there must be some aptitude for such studies, and some training in them too. . . . To be appreciated it must be studied, and the study will be well repaid."—*Christian Examiner*.

"Here we must close, unwillingly, this volume, so abounding in food for thought, so fruitful of fine passages, heartily commending it to all of our readers who desire to make acquaintance with the philosophy of art. The extracts we have taken will prove what a treasure is here, for they are but a fraction of the gems that are to be gathered in every page. We make no apology for having so long lingered over this book; for, albeit, philosophy is somewhat out of fashion in our age of materialism, it yet will find its votaries, fit though few; and even they who care not for the higher regions of reflection, cannot fail to reap infinite pleasure from the eloquent and truthful passages we have sought to cull for their mingled delight and edification."—*Critic*.

The Philosophy of Art.

An Oration on the Relation of the Plastic Arts to Nature. Translated from the German of F. W. J. VON SCHELLING, by A. JOHNSON. Post 8vo. 1s. paper cover; 1s. 6d. cloth.

"This excellent oration is an application to art of Schelling's general philosophic principles. Schelling takes the bold course, and declares that what is ordinarily called nature is not the summit of perfection, but is only the inadequate manifestation of a high idea, which it is the office of man to penetrate. The true astronomer is not he who notes down laws and causes which were never revealed to sensuous organs, and which are often opposed to the *prima facie* influences of sensuous observers. The true artist is not he who merely imitates an isolated object in nature, but he who can penetrate into the unseen essence that lurks behind the visible crust, and afterwards reproduce it in a visible form. In the surrounding world means and ends are

clashed and jarred together; in the work of art the heterogeneous is excluded, and an unity is attained not to be found elsewhere. Schelling, in his oration, chiefly, not exclusively, regards the arts of painting and sculpture; but his remarks will equally apply to others, such as poetry and music. This oration of Schelling's deserves an extensive perusal. The translation, with the exception of a few trifling inaccuracies, is admirably done by Mr. Johnson; and we know of no work in our language better suited to give a notion of the turn which German philosophy took after it abandoned the subjectivity of Kant and Fichte. The notion will, of course, be a faint one; but it is something to know the latitude and longitude of a mental position."—*Examiner*.

The Life of Jean Paul Fr. Richter.

Compiled from various sources. Together with his Autobiography. Translated from the German. 2 vols. paper cover, 7s.; cloth, 8s.

"The autobiography of Richter, which extends only to his twelfth year, is one of the most interesting studies of a true poet's childhood ever given to the world."—*Love's Edinburgh Magazine*.

"Richter has an intellect vehement, rugged, irresistible, crushing in pieces the hardest problems; piercing into the most hidden combinations of things, and grasping the most distant; an

imagination vague, sombre, splendid, or appalling, brooding over the abysses of being, wandering through infinitude, and summoning before us, in its dim religious light, shapes of brilliancy, solemnity, or terror; a fancy of exuberance literally unexampled, for it pours its treasures with a lavishness which knows no limit, hanging, like the sun, a jewel on every grass-blade,

THE CATHOLIC SERIES—(continued.)

and sowing the earth at large with orient pearls. But deeper than all these lies humour, the ruling quality of RICHTER—as it were the central fire that pervades and vivifies his whole being. He is a humorist from his inmost soul; he thinks as a humorist; he imagines, acts, feels as a humorist: sport is the element in which his nature lives and works.”—THOMAS CARLYLE.

“With such a writer it is no common treat to be intimately acquainted. In the proximity of great and virtuous minds we imbibe a portion of their nature—feel, as mesmerists say, a healthful contagion, are braced with the same spirit of faith, hope, and patient endurance—are furnished with data for clearing up and working out the intricate problem of life, and are inspired, like them, with the prospect of immortality. No reader of sensibility can rise from the perusal of these volumes without becoming both wiser and better.”—*Atlas*.

“We find in the present biography much that does not so much amuse and instruct, as, to adopt a phrase from the religious world, positively edify the reader. The life of Richter is indeed a moral and a religious, as much as a literary treat, to all who have a sense exercised to discern religion and morality as a thing essentially different from mere orthodoxy and asceticism. The two volumes before us cannot be seriously read without stimulating the reader, like a good sermon, to self-amelioration, and in this respect they are invaluable.

“Richter is a thorough Christian, and a Christian with a large glowing human heart. The appearance of his biography in an English form cannot, therefore, but be regarded as a great boon to the best interests of the country.”—*Tait's Magazine*.

“Apart from the interest of the work, as the life of Jean Paul, the reader learns something of German life and German thought, and is introduced to Weimar during its most distinguished period—when Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland, the great fixed stars of Germany, in conjunction with Jean Paul, were there, surrounded by beautiful and admiring women, of the most

refined and exalted natures, and of princely rank. It is full of passages so attractive and valuable that it is difficult to make a selection as examples of its character.”—*Inquirer*.

“This book will be found very valuable as an introduction to the study of one of the most eccentric and difficult writers of Germany. Jean Paul's writings are so much the reflex of Jean Paul himself, that every light that shines upon the one inevitably illumines the other. The work is a useful exhibition of a great and amiable man, who, possessed of the kindest feelings, and the most brilliant fantasy, turned to a high purpose that humour of which Rabelais is the great grandfather, and Sterne one of the line of ancestors, and contrasted it with an exaltation of feeling and a rhapsodical poetry which are entirely his own. Let us hope that it will complete the work begun by Mr. Carlyle's *Essays*, and cause Jean Paul to be really read in this country.”—*Examiner*.

“Richter is exhibited in a most amiable light in this biography—industrious, frugal, benevolent, with a child-like simplicity of character, and a heart overflowing with the purest love. His letters to his wife are beautiful memorials of true affection, and the way in which he perpetually speaks of his children shows that he was the most attached and indulgent of fathers. Whoever came within the sphere of his companionship appears to have contracted an affection for him that death only dissolved: and while his name was resounding through Germany, he remained as meek and humble as if he had still been an unknown adventurer on Parnassus.”—*The Apprentice*.

“The life of Jean Paul is a charming piece of biography which draws and rivets the attention. The affections of the reader are fixed on the hero with an intensity rarely bestowed on an historical character. It is impossible to read this biography without a conviction of its integrity and truth; and though Richter's style is more difficult of translation than that of any other German, yet we feel that his golden thoughts have reached us pure from the mine, to which he has given that impress of genius which makes them current in all countries.”—*Christian Reformer*.

Essays. By R. W. Emerson.

(Second Series.) With a Notice by THOMAS CARLYLE. 3s. paper cover; 3s. 6d. cloth.

“Among the distinguishing features of Christianity—we are ready to say THE distinguishing feature—is its humanity, its deep sympathy with human kind,

and its strong advocacy of human wants and rights. In this particular, few have a better title to be ranked among the followers of Jesus than the author

THE CATHOLIC SERIES—(continued.)

of this book."—*American Christian Examiner*.

"The difficulty we find in giving a proper notice of this volume, arises from the pervadingness of its excellence, and the compression of its matter. With more learning than Hazlitt, more perspicuity than Carlyle, more vigour and depth of thought than Addison, and with as much originality and fascination as any of them, this volume is a brilliant addition to the Table Talk of intellectual men, be they who or where they may."—*Prospective Review*.

"Mr. Emerson is not a common man, and everything he writes contains suggestive matter of much thought and earnestness."—*Examiner*.

"That Emerson is, in a high degree, possessed of the faculty and vision of the *seer*, none can doubt who will earnestly and with a kind and reverential spirit peruse these nine Essays. He deals only with the true and the eternal. His piercing gaze at once shoots swiftly, surely through the outward and the superficial, to the inmost causes and workings. Any one can tell the time who looks on the face of the clock, but he loves to lay bare the machinery and show its moving principle. His words and his thoughts are a fresh spring, that invigorates the soul that is steeped therein. His mind is ever dealing with the eternal; and those who only live to exercise their lower intellectual facul-

ties, and desire only new facts and new images, and those who have not a feeling or an interest in the great question of mind and matter, eternity and nature, will disregard him as unintelligible and uninteresting, as they do Bacon and Plato, and, indeed, philosophy itself."—*Douglas Jerrold's Magazine*.

"Beyond social science, because beyond and outside social existence, there lies the science of self, the development of man in his individual existence, within himself and for himself. Of this latter science, which may perhaps be called the philosophy of individuality, Mr. Emerson is an able apostle and interpreter."—*League*.

"As regards the particular volume of EMERSON before us, we think it an improvement upon the first series of essays. The subjects are better chosen. They come more home to the experience of the mass of mankind, and are consequently more interesting. Their treatment also indicates an artistic improvement in the composition."—*Spectator*.

"All lovers of literature will read Mr. Emerson's new volume, as the most of them have read his former one; and if correct taste, and sober views of life, and such ideas on the higher subjects of thought as we have been accustomed to account as truths, are sometimes outraged, we at least meet at every step with originality, imagination, and eloquence."—*Inquirer*.

The Emancipation of the Negroes in the British West Indies.

An Address delivered at Concord, Massachusetts, on the 1st of August, 1844. By R. W. EMERSON. Post 8vo. 6d. paper cover.

"It is really purifying to be able to turn, at this moment, to anything righteous and generous from an American on Slavery and Great Britain, so as to be relieved from the scorn and loathing produced by Mr. Calhoun's Letter to the American Minister at Paris. Since Channing is no more, it is a satisfaction that there is one man in Ame-

rica of a potential voice, who can utter these words of reproof to his country, of justice to Great Britain."—*Pros. Rev.*

"We need not tell any one who has the slightest acquaintance with his previous writings that Mr. Emerson is eloquent; and here he has a noble subject, into which he has thrown his whole soul."—*Inquirer*.

The Roman Church and Modern Society.

By E. QUINET, of the College of France. Translated from the French Third Edition (with the Author's approbation), by C. COCKS, B.L. 8vo. 5s. cloth.

"We take up this enlightened volume, which aims, in the spirit of history and philosophy, to analyze the Romanist principle, with peculiar pleasure. A glance at the headings of the chapters much interested ourselves, and we doubt not will our readers:—The Superlatively Catholic Kingdom of Spain; Political Results of Catholicism in Spain; The Roman Church and the State; The Roman Church and Science; The Ro-

man Church and History; The Roman Church and Law; The Roman Church and Philosophy; The Roman Church and Nations; The Roman Church and the Universal Church."—*Christian Reformer*.

"The fourth lecture, entitled 'The Roman Church and Science,' appears to us the most striking and luminous exposition we have seen of the condition of the Roman church, and of its unavail-

THE CATHOLIC SERIES—(continued.)

ing hostility to the progress of mankind. Our space precludes the possibility of quoting the whole, or we should do so with great pleasure. It delineates, in vivid colours, the history of Galileo, his character, his discoveries, his philosophical protest against the theology of Rome, the horrible persecutions which he suffered, and his effects upon the ecclesiastical power—changing the relative positions of science and the church, unfolding a theology more profound than that of Rome, a code of laws more infallible than that of the church, a grand and comprehensive system of ideas transcending in its Catholicity Catholicism itself.

"The four remaining lectures are severally entitled—The Roman Church and Law (in which the Inquisition is a conspicuous subject)—The Roman Church and Philosophy—The Roman Church and Nations—The Roman Church and the Universal Church. We cannot characterize each of these in particular: suffice it to say that there is a profound and expansive philosophical spirit breathing through the whole; every subject is compelled to contribute its entire force of facts and illustration for the construction of the one great argument which is the object and complement of each—viz., that the Roman Church is no longer adequate to the enlarged needs and aspirations of mankind, that it has fulfilled the mission for which it was originated—that the energies it once put forth in the cause of humanity are paralyzed, that its decrepitude is manifest, and its vitality threatened, that it has shown itself incapable of continuing as the minister of

God's will, and the interpreter of those divine laws whose incarnation in human life is the pledge of man's spiritual advancement and happiness, that it heeds not the signs of the times, refuses any alliance with the spirit of progression, clings tenaciously to the errors and dead formulas of the past, recognizes the accession of no new truths, and hence prostrates the intellect, proscribes the enlargement of our spiritual boundaries, lays an interdiction on human progress, compels us to look perpetually backwards, and blights our hopes of the future, and—in the words of Quinet—'represents the earth as a condemned world formed for chastisement and evil.'

"Considered as a whole, the book before us is the most powerful and philosophically consistent protest against the Roman Church which has ever claimed our attention, and, as a strong confirmation of its stirring efficiency, we may mention that the excitement it has created in Paris has subjected the author to a reprimand from both Chambers of the Legislature, and excommunication by the Pope."—*Inquirer*.

"M. Quinet belongs to the movement party, and has lately been conspicuous in resisting the pretensions of the Jesuit and French clergy to the exclusive education of the youth of France. He has grappled with his theme both practically, and in the philosophical spirit of history..... Rare merits are comprised in this volume..... a genuine spirit pervades it, and there are many passages of great depth, originality and eloquence."—*Atlas*.

".... These eloquent and valuable lectures."—*New Church Advocate*.

The Rationale of Religious Inquiry ;

Or, the Question stated, of Reason, the Bible, and the Church. By JAMES MARTINEAU. Third Edition, With a Critical Letter on Rationalism, Miracles, and the Authority of Scripture, by the late Rev. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE. 4s. paper cover ; 4s. 6d. cloth.

Sermons of Consolation.

By F. W. P. GREENWOOD, D.D. 5s. cloth.

"This is a really delightful volume, which we would gladly see producing its purifying and elevating influences in all our families."—*Inquirer*.

"This beautiful volume we are sure

will meet with a grateful reception from all who seek instruction on the topics most interesting to a thoughtful mind. There are twenty-seven sermons in the volume."—*Christian Examiner*.

Self-Culture.

By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. 6d. paper cover ; 1s. cloth.

Christianity, or Europe.

Translated from the German of NOVALIS (Friedrich von Hardenberg), by the Rev. J. DALTON. 6d. paper cover.

The Catholic Series.

(Uniform, in Post Octavo.)

For Prospectus, explaining the Principles and Object of the Series, and for the Opinions of the Press, see pages 15 and 16 of the Catalogue.

The whole of the Works which have been published in the Series appear in the following list; but for the prices of the different books, and criticisms upon them, see the preceding pages from 17 to 23.

Works already Published.

- 1. The Philosophical and Aesthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller.**
- 2. The Philosophy of Art.** By F. W. J. Von Schelling.
- 3. The Destination of Man.** By Johann G. Fichte.
- 4. The Nature of the Scholar and its Manifestations.** By Johann Gottlieb Fichte.
- 5. Essays.** By R. W. Emerson.
- 6. The Emancipation of the Negroes.** By R. W. Emerson.
- 7. The Life of Jean Paul Fr. Richter.** 2 vols.
- 8. The Roman Church and Modern Society.** By E. Quinet.
- 9. The Rationale of Religious Inquiry.** By James Martineau.
- 10. Charles Elwood; or, the Infidel Converted.** By O. W. Brownson.
- 11. Sermons of Consolation.** By F. W. P. Greenwood, D.D.
- 12. Self-Culture.** By William Ellery Channing.
- 13. Christianity, or Europe.** By Novalis.
- 14. The Mission of the German Catholics.** By Prof. G. G. Gervinus.
- 15. The Worship of Genius, and The Distinctive Character or Essence of Christianity.** By Prof. C. Ullmann.
- 16. Characteristics of Men of Genius.**



